PLEADING CHINA

Duncan McRoberts

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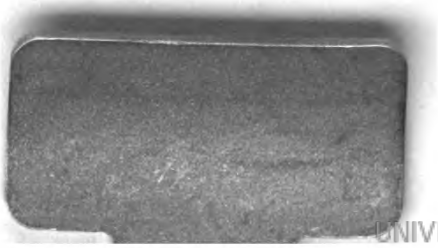
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PLEADING CHINA

By

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China Native Evangelistic Crusade

Author, *While China Bleeds*

Second Edition



ZONDERVAN PUBLISHING HOUSE
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

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INTRODUCTION

Today the surge of millions of liberated people can be felt towards a new place in this changing world. We are witnessing the rise of a great modern nation in Asia with mutual benefits for East and West.

Although under God, the might of Allied arms have forced the aggressor from China's soil, yet the Land of the Dragon is conscious of Japan's propaganda slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics," and a true interpretation of liberation must mean to the Chinese an end of Western exploitation, and a great new day for a long handicapped China.

One glance into the past finds China a civilized land when Athens was but a village, before Rome was built, while Britain was still outside the world, and when Gaul was inhabited by savages. When our forefathers lived in caves and fought with bows and arrows, the people of China lived in comfortable homes furnished with chairs, tables and beds. They even drove around in fine carriages and were carried easily over rough terrain in sedan chairs. They measured time by a sun-dial, dressed in silks, wore shoes and carried umbrellas. Yet, if one thing contributed more than another toward arresting China's advance in civilization, it was her long-maintained form of heathen worship. In fact until after the birth of the present Republic in 1911, China's Emperor with his elaborate retinue of attendants could be seen making his way to the altars north and south of Peking to sacrifice to Heaven and Earth almost exactly as did his predecessors over two thousand years earlier.

In awakened China today we witness an amazing contrast. Leading government officials delivered from heathen darkness by the transforming power of the Gospel, along with the nation's acclaimed leader who replaces the heathen Emperors now vanished from Peking, seek to spread the

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glad message of salvation, and thus help to vanquish the treacherous ritual of heathenism.

An article entitled "We Also Should Have a Thanksgiving Day," from the pen of a non-Christian Chinese, appeared in one of the leading secular papers printed in Chungking just after peace was declared. It stated, "We cannot but thank God for the great victory achieved. History proves that prior to this cruel war the Province of Szechwan was visited every three years by famine, but during the past eight hard years of conflict with Japan, we here in Szechwan have been blessed with good harvests, which can be attributed only to the goodness of Almighty God. When attacked eight years ago by a ruthless aggressor, we stood alone in the world, ill-equipped and obliged to devise our own meager means of defence against a well-equipped and well-supplied enemy. But now our friends are many. We know this was not due to the efforts of our diplomats; it is God's doing.

"The enemy nations were very accurate in their planning, but in the crisis they made fatal mistakes. Why? If the Japanese had concentrated their power on a drive past Hankow towards the west after the fall of Nanking, or instead of attacking Pearl Harbor had centered on conquering Chungking, what would our position as a nation be today? If the Germans had crossed the English Channel and had attacked the British Isles instead of turning on Russia after the collapse of France, what then?

"We must admit and readily recognize that we are the recipients of God's rich blessing. Yet, if, in celebrating victory, we merely congratulate ourselves and glory in our united strength, what a tragedy! If we Chinese make this mistake and return to our home provinces with ungrateful hearts and live in indifference and sin, who can tell whether this victory gained will prove a curse or a blessing to us as a nation?

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"Might I suggest that our government establish a Thanksgiving Day as a token of gratitude to God on the part of the Chinese people."

Surely such words written by a non-Christian Chinese clearly indicates the marvelous awakening on the part of this nation and emphasizes the timeliness for a nationwide proclamation of the glorious message yet unheard by so many hundreds of millions for whom Jesus Christ died.

Now before continuing a further account of war experiences as promised in *While China Bleeds,* and recording a little about native ministry, let me assure you as one who feels at one with the Chinese, that I need not necessarily apologize for a reverse in order. That is, for beginning at the wrong end by stating in this introduction the well-known fact that the enemy has been driven in defeat from China's soil. This is not inconsistent from the standpoint of the Orient vs. Occident. For example, when the Chinese address a letter they first mention the country, followed by the province or state, then the city, the street, and lastly the name of the individual to whom the letter is directed, while we reverse this order. We wash our hands before eating, while they use hot towels to wash after having eaten. We serve our soup at the beginning of a meal, the Chinese serve soup at the end of a meal. We drink cold water, they sip hot tea. We usually cut our meat after it has been placed on the table, while they cut it in the kitchen before it reaches the table. When we serve food we say, "please help yourself"; they say, "may I help you?" We use forks and knives, they use chopsticks. White is their color of mourning while our color is black. Their surname precedes their Christian name, while our surname follows—So I take the liberty to begin this account of happenings during the war in China by thanking God for its completion. It is also of interest to note that the Chinese count their ages as we count centuries. To them a child born on New Year's

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eve is two years of age on New Year's Day. And, moreover, our script proceeds in horizontal lines one beneath the other, and thus down the page; theirs run down in vertical lines one to the left of the other across the page. Thus when we read it is from left to right our head moving from side to side as if indicating in the negative, or disagreeing with that which is written; while the Chinese read from the top to the bottom, their heads nodding down and up, as if to indicate approval and full agreement.

DUNCAN McROBERTS

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Chapter 1

CHINA'S SON, SOLDIER, STATESMAN

With the advance of the highly mechanized enemy, China continued to bleed. Millions of her people, rather than fall into the hand of the invader, chose to flee into the interior. The capital was moved back to Chungking in the far west.

As early as the fall of Shanghai, a large percentage of the people and practically the entire populace of Nanking and other cities in line with the enemy's advance moved west into the hinterland. Life, industry, culture, banks, and factories, students and professors, banded together, fled before the ruthless enemy. Boats were noticeably overloaded; busses were packed to capacity; stations were jammed; trains were so filled that some people sat or stood around in the locomotive itself. Complete factories were carried on the shoulders of thousands of willing coolies. School staffs and student bodies with coolies shouldering college equipment joined the great civilian army.

Although this great exodus presented innumerable problems back west, these people represented the cream of China —men who had, not only the energy, but the intelligence to solve these problems—the brains of China: its industries, commerce, and education. To imagine that this great people, with a history of more than 5000 years, would give way to depression, grow pessimistic, and become a victim of confusion could result only from a misty understanding of the Chinese.

After the first few months of war an entirely new mentality had come into being in China. There came an awakening of national consciousness unknown in the past. The cruel brutality of the invader forced one dominant idea into the minds of the people, and that was resistance.

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A slight knowledge of Chinese history acquaints one with the fact that this land of ancient culture has had more than a liberal share of foreign aggression: the Huns of the fourth century; the Mongols of the thirteenth century; the Manchus of the sixteenth century and, more recently, the war of 1894-5 with Japan. At that time Russia had forced its way through Manchuria into Korea, aiming at a warm water port in the Pacific Ocean. Japan, faced with the prospects of such a powerful new neighbor, fought China, since Korea as a Kingdom was depending upon her. Consequently, Japan gained possession of Formosa and a lease of the coveted Liaotung Peninsula, as well as a sum of money from poor China which she in turn had received from Russia for railroad concessions. Thus in a roundabout way Russia provided the Japanese enemy with cash to build up a strong navy and army with which to defeat her a few years later.

During the Boxer uprising in 1900, several European nations and America took over the Northern Capital and various other portions of China. Afterwards Czarist Russia ignored its pledge to withdraw from Manchuria, and brought strong pressure upon the ineffectual Chinese Government for additional concessions. President Theodore Roosevelt emphatically protested, but Russia simply ignored his protests and at that time Secretary of State John Hay mournfully remarked: "I take it for granted that Russia knows we will not fight over Manchuria, for the simple reason that we cannot." However, there was one country which was ready to wage war against Russia over strategic and wealthy Manchuria, and that country was Japan. In 1905 Japan defeated Russia, but Japan's victory merely substituted Japanese aggression for Russian aggression within Manchuria.

There followed Japan's twenty-one demands upon China in 1915: the Treaty of Versailles in 1919 which suggested

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that Japan control Shantung Province which Germany had taken from China. In 1931 Japan virtually annexed Manchuria, while we meekly protested, remembering that we had pledged ourselves to uphold the territorial integrity of China.

Truly China has suffered at the hands of other powers, and moreover aided by the fall of the imperial house and the establishment of the republic in 1911, the infamous Yuan Shih-kai took full advantage of his military might; led on by a selfish desire for personal power and knowing both the court and the revolutionaries needed his mediation, he took full advantage—with drastic results for this weakened country. Alas, he brought into existence the "tuchuns" or "war lords" who in fifteen years brought China to the verge of utter bankruptcy and demoralization. Thus we see China, her people impoverished and confused.

History also informs us that the Chinese soldiers have been treated as a joke by their enemies. It has been stated that they were of little value as fighting men. They would fire stray shots and then retreat, thus giving the enemy an opportunity to escape or advance without loss of life on either side. On the other hand when they did engage the enemy, their lack of training and hatred of warfare resulted in set-backs. Even the people of China looked upon their soldiers with contempt. They were the riff-raff of the land —with the result that, until recent years, military prestige was nowhere so low as in the Land of the Dragon.

Well might every Chinese bless that day in the year 1887 when a son was born into a farming family in the village of Chikow, *the mouth of the brook,* near Fenghua, in the beautiful coastal Province of Chekiang. I am glad to have had the privilege of paying several visits to the birthplace of this child whom destiny had ordained to revolutionize and ably lead China forward into her own and rightful place as one of the world's important nations.

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Leaving the Nanchang-Shanghai Railway at Chinhwa, I have traveled by bus or truck and boat down the Chientang River to Ningpo and on each occasion have taken time to enjoy the enchantment of this history-making village of Chikow tucked among the scenic hills of beautiful Chekiang Province.

Not only do the beauties of nature, so lavishly displayed here, live in my memories, but alas, the hours of bloody warfare. I have passed through many heavy bombings in such cities as Ningpo, Wenchow, Li-shui and Chinwha and have looked on hundreds of mangled forms—but more—into the determined eyes of brave people made bold by their unwavering confidence in the ability of Chikow's native son, the present-day Supreme Commander of Allied Land and Air Forces in China, China's shrewdest politician and tested soldier, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

With the appearance of Chiang, China's transformation became apparent. An entirely new mentality had sprung up among the "sons of Han." In one word, this peaceful, kindly people suddenly realized the vital need for resistance. Such an awakening of national consciousness had been unknown in the past. All over China the word "resistance" could be heard, and with the outbreak of the present hostilities in 1937, the one time despised Chinese soldiers won the world's respect as well-trained, hard-fighting, courageous men. Yes, this man whose talents for war and politics were developed in the violence of the Chinese civil wars in the late twenties and the early thirties had been the main force behind the nation, and his determined efforts produced not only a fighting force but heightened morale, a united front among his country's people which eventually would make up for any deficiency in military strength.

The story behind this man's rise to Generalissimo is a long and interesting one, and it is not my intention to at-

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tempt such a task. Note the fact, however, that Japan had long determined to prevent China from accomplishing her reconstruction work, and in order to cripple China, she must strike soon to crush the one man who was largely responsible for China's progress. Japan was determined that she would not tolerate any government which showed a tendency towards unifying and consolidating China. For this very reason many Japanese military officers repeatedly issued statements to the effect that Japan would not deal with the Nanking government as long as it was headed by Chiang Kai-shek.

However, these threats did not discourage this man who saw a great future for his country, and, in spite of all opposition from without and within, he carried his plans steadily onward. As the months and years passed, a new spark of patriotism burst into flame which swept over the whole country from north to south and east to west with the result that the majority of parties and persons who had hitherto opposed or simply remained indifferent suddenly threw their full weight in support of the man whom the country now recognized as the one person who could most ably lead the people. General Chiang Kai-shek was appointed Generalissimo with complete power over every aspect of Chinese life.

No longer was the Chinese soldier looked upon as a common criminal or someone to be treated with contempt. China had experienced a rude awakening, and no sooner had the war commenced than the Generalissimo was acclaimed the patriot-hero, the great man who had been the unifying force of a sadly divided country. In this way Chiang, the soldier, was largely responsible for the reversal of ancient values. The soldier became the highest figure in China instead of the lowest of the low. Well might China thank God for such a leader. This change was so far-reaching that all over the country men, and in many

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cases, women, felt it their duty to wear some type of uniform. Officials, students, teachers, bus drivers and business men as well as soldiers were dressed in all colors of uniforms ranging from dust-colored khaki and various shades of yellow and brown to light green and overall blue. This signified the refusal of Chiang's China to abandon all her activities of political, economic, and social reconstruction. This China would fight to the bitter end rather than suffer under the heel of a ruthless invader.

Chiang's leadership brought Chinese civilians and soldiers to feel that they were fighting for something worth while. In this he was greatly aided by the acts of the enemy. They felt they were fighting for a better China; for a better life than they had ever known; for themselves and their children; and for a happier world. Yes, the Chinese felt that this was a great positive cause, and they felt honored to fight for such a cause. In proof of this China's noble army has fought with rifles and bayonets against the massed tanks, planes and heavy artillery of Japan, and naturally has suffered terrific casualties. Generalissimo Chiang very well realized that no matter how well-trained his men might be and how courageously they might act, without modern arms they could not defeat the highly mechanized Japanese armies. He fought, fell back, scorched the earth, and fought again. He was willing to trade space for time. In 1940 while China fought alone, its soil deeply stained with blood, and its people faced with seeming disaster, their courageous leader declared, "Let them drive me back into Tibet. In five years I will be back here (in Chungking) and will conquer all China again." Soldiers and civilians caught the spirit of their leader; they would continue to fight and die, but China's soil would be rid, eventually, of foreign domination.

Moreover, the absence of the necessities with which to wage modern warfare awakened this easy-going, peace-

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loving China. This twentieth century foreign invasion convinced the Chinese that they could not survive without modern science and machinery. Ancient China might preserve what is best in her old philosophy and traditions, but this awakened China must secure the essentials of modern science. True, China can boast of an old skill in human engineering. In order to combat floods and droughts, she has learned to marshal the effective use of hundreds of thousands of workers, who have performed fantastic tasks with mere shovels, picks, baskets and bamboo poles. China's human machine could quickly build a road or an air field, but without machines and guns to travel these roads and planes to use these air fields she would ever be at a great disadvantage, as far as taking the offensive against a mechanized enemy was concerned. Long before the Japanese attacked China, this man Chiang saw China's need and urged patience and preparedness. Then while he was fighting against time, in December, 1936, in a high-walled temple at Sian he found himself surrounded by the soldier of mutinous young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, like the Communists, demanded that Chiang make war on Japan. He tried in vain to reason with the Marshal, who remained determined. Thus, insufficiently clad, the Generalissimo attempted to escape. In doing so he fell down a thirty foot wall and hurt his back. To this day he still suffers from the results of that fall. The young Marshal's troops closed in on him and Chiang Kai-shek said, "I am the Generalissimo. Don't be disrespectful. If you regard me as your prisoner—kill me, but do not subject me to indignities." Returned to his prison, China's indomitable leader asked for one thing—a Bible—and during his days of captivity, he feasted on the Word of God. Some years later, while attending a conference of world leaders in Cairo, Chiang Kai-shek rose early every morning in order to have a quiet time alone with God.

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Yes, Chiang Kai-shek has led an interesting life. While yet a young man, he left his native village to attend the "School of Law and Politics" in the Provincial Capital, Hangchow. He contemplated the career of a lawyer and official. However, while in Hangchow, he determined to change his career to that of a military man. He decided that Japan was the place to commence his military studies, but upon his arrival there in 1906, he discovered that Chinese students entering a Japanese military academy must be sponsored by the Chinese Government. Thus he returned to China, and after studying for a time in China passed the necessary examinations of the Military Academy at Paoting in the North. Again he crossed to Japan. Thus Chiang, the Soldier, in 1907 began his studies at the Tokyo Military Academy and later served for a brief stretch in the 13th Field Artillery Regiment of the Imperial Japanese Army. Later Dr. Sun Yat-sen sent Chiang to Russia to study the situation in that country at first hand.

He helped Dr. Sun establish the Republic; he fought against the war lords and later opposed the Communists; and he has fought courageously against the Japanese. This man Chiang has held China's battered and hard-tried strength together. He has been opposed from within and without, but he still sees a unified China, and with the aid of the Allies a victorious China. Moreover, China, once triumphant, will surely not be obliged to go back to foreign courts, foreign control of custom revenue, and foreign control of huge international settlements which have drained China for so many years—not while this gallant and able statesman remains the leader of the people. Yes, this war has taught China many things. The mighty force of white prestige will be weakened. This great land's resources will be developed. China will take her place in the post war world; and China's sons will help develop the Land of the Dragon.

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It was just a little over forty years ago that China's leader, the wicked Empress Dowager, subtly sought the assassination of every foreign missionary. She tried desperately to destroy the infant Christian Church, but today we see in the President of New China, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, not only an able statesman and a competent soldier, but a leader wholeheartedly in sympathy with the spread of the Gospel.

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Chapter 2

HIS PROTECTING CARE

As I returned from the Anhwei battlefront, news of my safe arrival spread from the poorest home to that of the highest ranking military official's headquarters in our city. Consequently, many and varied were the experiences of the following weeks. My fellow-workers and local Christians were greatly concerned about my physical condition. Not only did they offer all kinds of weird advice, but several brought native medicines, and many prepared special Chinese dishes supposed to contain healing properties.

The first Sunday evening of my return, the pastor and I were invited to the home of one of our very poor church members. Upon arriving there, we discovered this dear aged woman had gone to the trouble and expense of preparing an evening meal for us. For many, many weeks I had not tasted meat and now had a great craving for it. What a joy that evening to discover that this humble meal consisted mainly of one large dish of highly flavored meat! This sight met with my full approval, and after a rather long prayer, the meal commenced. I helped myself to a noticeably liberal portion of the meat in contrast to a scanty helping of vegetables. Before I had swallowed many mouthfuls of rice, meat, and vegetables, our hostess piled a few more chopstick loads of meat on my plate. The more I ate of the stuff, the more convinced I was that it was different, yet try as I might I could not decide what kind of meat it was. The pastor with whom I had lived for the past three years knew me thoroughly, and seemed highly amused at my puzzled expression. I ought to have been wise to that smile on his face, but my respect for the fundamentals of etiquette prevented me from inquiring too quickly the nature of this dish and so giving way to greed,

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I must have eaten nearly one pound of meat before I ventured to ask the name of this delicious food before it was reduced to the pot. Before my hostess attempted to satisfy my growing curiosity, she politely helped me to another liberal portion of the meat in question, and then while I continued to eat more cautiously, she began to relate how she had suffered for years with that miserable trouble known as rheumatism until one day a friend from the city of Hweining, Anhwei, told her of a cure and ever since she had experienced great relief by eating dog flesh! And so in this way I discovered that I had eaten almost a pound of the greatly despised Chinese scavenger! During the rest of that meal I did little more than drink cup after cup of steaming hot Chinese tea while our hostess explained that upon learning of my suffering from pains in my joints due to exposure during cold nights while I was returning from the battlefront, she decided to prepare a tempting meal of dog flesh and vegetables. She also expressed her sincere hope that I would derive great benefit from my meal, and told me how delighted she was to see me eat so much. Let me hasten to assure you that much progress in modern medicine is apparent all over China, especially since the outbreak of hostilities. The new is fast replacing the old; yet it is still true that in parts of rural China, far removed from the coastline, millions still depend upon quack medicines made out of such things as deer horns, powdered tiger bones, dried pig's and sheep's blood and dog flesh.

During those days a continual stream of refugees flowed through our city, and nerves were at the breaking point. The same story of suffering was repeated again and again. Cities, towns and villages along the way were subject to continual, murderous air raids with schools and hospitals as the specially preferred targets and in every place casualty lists were high. Opportunities for Gospel witness were

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many and prayers were answered as precious souls accepted God's great free gift of eternal life.

General T. H. Tsow had reached Kingtehchen and on his way from the Anhwei front had heard of my experiences from the Colonel in Ch'i-men. To my surprise one morning he presented himself accompanied by his attaché and strong body guard at our street chapel entrance. He readily accepted a polite yet weak invitation to my room above the chapel. We talked together for a long time that first morning, and I discovered he had visited England and America and had also spent some time in Russia. His English was excellent, and I thoroughly enjoyed our chat. Two days later I was invited to his headquarters for a delicious Chinese feast, and from that time until the day we left the city together, he was a regular visitor, and I had the joy of presenting God's way of salvation to him although his contact with nominal Christians had soured him somewhat and I fear he chose mere profession rather than taking his stand as a guilty sinner and accepting Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour.

He is a big man, broad-shouldered; dressed to perfection; his uniform neat and costly; very blunt, decisive and alive with enthusiasm. A few minutes in his company and you discover a man of intelligence and strong determination, yet one who so thoroughly enjoys the pleasures of life that he is unwilling to choose the right, since it would cost him these things. General Tsow spoke of professing Christians back in his recent home city of Nanking, although his original home was either Manchuria or close to its border, as his tall strong build and his directness of speech proclaimed. These professing Christians lived "a very loose life," to use the words of the General, and in fact the one thing that he defended more than any other was that they found no harm in dancing as a pleasant pastime. Well, I sought prayerfully to be of help to him, pointing out that when

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men and women accepted the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour, and sought to live to His glory, they had little difficulty discovering the difference between right and wrong. It is not my business to dictate upon certain questions that allow latitude for individual differences of opinion, yet there are some matters which are clearly settled when subjected to the principles of Christian living as laid down in Holy Writ and I assured the General that I felt that dancing comes under this category. Only that week I had read a sermon on the subject by the late Captain Wallace. "Today many young people are jazz crazy, and possibly this book might fall into the hands of an honest soul who is wondering, 'Is there any harm in dancing?' If you want to find out whether it is right or wrong, just make it a matter of prayer and I assure you that you will be led to the right decision."

General Tsow said it was a thoroughly enjoyable and perfectly innocent pastime and how could it possibly be wrong when even King David, the man after God's own heart, danced before the Lord. It surely is remarkable how eagerly we use Scripture if it fits into our likes and twist it around when it upsets them!

"General, your statement is based upon a false interpretation of a lovely incident. King David danced before the Lord simply as an outward expression of his great joy in God. The dance itself was as unpolluted as the genuine happiness behind it. He danced in public, it is true, with face undoubtedly radiant and happy, and it is possible he even danced with rhythmical movement and accompanied by sacred music, but one thing is certain, he did not entertain the bystanders with the assistance of a young woman in his arms."

Now, can you tell me of any young people, or old either, who meet in ballroom or church hall and dance because they are so spiritually exuberant and full of the joy of soul-

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winning that they can find no other way of expressing their joy? Unsaved people, either religious or unreligious, are unsaved because they do not know Jesus Christ as their own personal Saviour; they dance simply because it is part of their worldly enjoyment and thrill; however, true believers in the Lord Jesus express their spiritual happiness in spiritual ways. Someone rightly referred to the dance hall as the Devil's drawing room, and another has remarked that the dance hall is a stepping stone to the divorce court. No "born-again" person is happy in such a place.

Reginald Wallis tells how, during the Irish revival of 1859, a nobleman was soundly converted. Having been thoroughly engrossed in the pleasures of the world, he did not deem it necessary to discontinue attendance at dances, and so he accepted an invitation as usual. While sitting out between the dances, he said to a lady by his side, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

She looked back at him and indignantly retorted, "You musn't talk about that sort of thing here!"

"Mustn't I?" said he. "Then if I cannot refer to my Saviour in a ballroom, it is no place for me!" He never danced again.

It is a recognized fact that dancing very definitely excites carnal passions, and oftentimes leads to the ruin of the soul. Remember that good old proverb "Don't play with fire, for sooner or later you are sure to get burned." Thank God, His children find genuine joy and true happiness in doing the will of God, and only those who have experienced the "new birth" can testify to this fact for "it is better felt than tel't." "Oh taste and see that the Lord is good." The risen Christ with the virtues of His death deep in the heart of His endless life is our secret of power against sin, against suffering, sorrow and the grave.

Dear young reader, beware of the counterfeit Christian; the people who make it easier for men like General Tsow to

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choose the lower when they know the higher, to choose wrong rather than right, to serve mammon rather than God.

What a contrast is the case of Colonel Yang, until that time in charge of military affairs in that district. Many times he had heard the Gospel and many times refused to decide for Christ, but day-after-day personal contact with the young Private who waited upon him brought such deep conviction that his every unreasonable excuse had to be flung to the wind. The consistent Christian life of this young soldier was used of God to lead his commanding officer to that place in his life where he cried from the depths of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner." This Private did not merely profess to be a Christian; he possessed the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. His life spoke louder than his words. How true is the following!

> We are writing a gospel a chapter each day,
> By deeds that we do, by words that we say,
> Men read what we're writing whether faithless or true,
> Say, what is the Gospel according to you?

From the time of the Colonel's conversion I have had the pleasure of enjoying many feasts at his headquarters. How better could I pay tribute to this fearless servant of God than to tell how, on every occasion, after the guests were properly seated around the table and just before the first steaming dish was brought in, one of the attendants, at the request of Colonel Yang, would place an open and marked Bible before the honored guest, be he Taoist, Buddhist, Mohammedan or Confucianist, general, magistrate or merchant, and while everyone sat amazed at this irregular procedure, the host would ask the honored guest to read the marked portion from the Book before him. When the last word was read, the Bible was removed and immediately with a word of clear explanation, a prayer from a grateful heart ascended to the Throne of Grace,

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while heads were bowed—all so extraordinary! Then in came the delicious first dish; the host raised his chopsticks and with a broad smile accompanied by a gentle nodding of the head, invited the guests to enjoy the poor provisions about to be spread before them. In every instance, before the second dish appeared, a word of explanation was requested, and God's man, rejoicing in his new found Saviour, with simplicity and a genuinely sincere ring of concern and responsibility, told the story of God's saving grace. Then he would call for his faithful Private and when he appeared, at the Colonel's request, he would humbly, after a few appropriate apologies, tell what the Lord Jesus meant to him. No one could be left in doubt regarding these two men, differing in rank, but both sheltering under the blood of God's dearly beloved Son who died to make it possible for "whosoever" to be saved. Both the Colonel and the Private loved God's Holy Word and their practical Christianity exemplified the Bible as an exceedingly thorough Book. It is disliked by many people because it is so thorough. It does not advocate compromise. It has much in it that is apt and fitted to wound those who love compromise. It says without scruple, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." It says, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." It says, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." It gives absolutely no sympathy to that which so many of us desire to be—half and half. It demands at every point absolute thoroughness.

Day after day the stream of refugees and retreating soldiers passed endlessly through the city and General Tsow sent word to say that he would be leaving in a few days' time since the city was in danger, and he also extended an invitation to me to travel in one of his private cars. In the meantime, the city's population had dwindled and a fellow worker had arrived from Loping, so we decided to

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accept the invitation of the General, and ride with him as far as Nanchang, the Provincial Capital.

Two days later, our baggage was placed in a military truck and my friend Tyler and I took our places in a beautiful American sedan along with top-ranking staff officers. The trip to Nanchang, apart from being a most comfortable one, held promise of being void of incident worthy of mention. The General provided us with strong hot coffee from his flask and his convoy of cars with his own bodyguard was very impressive. Then during the morning one of the cars struck a fascinated traveler as he, unaware of the danger, strolled across its path. Our car stopped and we gazed helplessly on the dying boy as he rolled over on the soft earth gasping and coughing. That evening we reached Nanchang where we parted company. General Tsow and his staff headed towards Changsha the following morning, while Tyler and I left for Kian.

I would like to tell briefly how one of our many outstations came into being. For months we had visited a fairly large city approximately one hundred and fifty Chinese miles from our center of activities. In order to get there it was necessary to walk the greater part of two days, since the narrow road led over a high mountain range. The people in the villages along the way would listen while we sang hymns and preached the Gospel, and after a time converts were gathered out from among them, but the city people refused to pay any attention to us since they feared the foreigner and had little desire to listen to his doctrine. For months we had tried in vain to obtain premises for a street chapel.

Then it happened that one day while I was absent from home, our Chinese pastor set out alone for this city. Upon my return it was discovered that there was a telegram for him requesting his immediate presence at his wife's home many miles away. That night the church members gath-

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ered. We prayed about getting word to the pastor. Unfortunately, that day word had reached our city to the effect that bandits were at work along the very road which would have to be traveled in order to reach him and that several travelers had been killed. Thus not one of the group volunteered to make the dangerous trip. I had asked them to pray much about it since the pastor must get home; and we knew that he was delaying his return on account of the recent killings.

Upon retiring to my little room that night I felt very unhappy. How I loved those dear people and regretted that not one of them had sufficient faith in God to run the risk of making the trip. Then God reminded me that among that group I, alone, knew the way, since none of the others had traversed it. Getting down on my knees before Him I prayed and soon felt that He would have me start out alone. Calling one of the workers who lived on the church compound, I told him not to be concerned should I fail to turn up for breakfast the following morning, or for several days. He wanted to know the reason, but I gave him no particulars, so at last he left, comforting himself with the knowledge that often the break of day found me tramping towards some village where Christ's name had never been made known; thus he never suspected that I was making the dangerous trip.

With a stick in my hand and a very real sense of God's close presence, I started my journey at midnight. There is no use multiplying words in relating my feelings during the dark hours of that night as alone, yet not alone, I tramped along the narrow road. Well do I remember the weird sounds while passing through thickly wooded country, and then when climbing to the summit of the mountain range there was the feeling that but one wrong step would plunge me to a horrible death. At times there was that strange and dead silence which covered me and the world

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about me like an invisible blanket; then the whisper of the tempter's voice breaking in on my sweet fellowship with God, trying to suggest the close presence of men who would not hesitate to murder even a close relative in order to gain anything of monetary value, including clothing and supplies.

He reminded me of the wild boar that I had often seen while tramping alone in broad daylight. Only a few weeks before I had read that a full-grown wild pig was dangerously powerful and ferocious, nimble and swift, and, if occasion arose, it could use its long, keen edged tusks with deadly effect. The article also stated that the courage and vitality of a wild pig were amazing; that he fought savagely to the very end; that the wild swine is one of the most intelligent and ferocious brutes in the whole animal kingdom. He does not deteriorate like his farmyard cousin. He is full of savage cunning, can move with speed and in battle swings his great tusked head with scientific accuracy. Thus as I trod along through the country where the wild boar were as common as rabbits in some country districts at home, the enemy tried to instill fear within me, but he failed completely because my ever-present Companion had imparted faith.

However, the hour came quickly when the intense purity of the sky sustained a dull change, then darkened, but was followed swiftly by the first faint gleam of light over the eastern horizon. Gradually it brightened and the wan star faded. The surrounding hills heightened the clearness of silhouette until, along the dark outlines, there appeared a faint rose hue—heralder of the sun. How fascinating it was to watch the color deepen, then spread as the gray light turned pink and yellow! The shadows lifting from the valley announced the advent of a new day.

Late that afternoon, tired and dust-stained, I made my way through the main street of the city to find one who

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had become as dear to me as any brother in the flesh, standing on a Chinese bench making known that precious story of the Saviour's love. Did ever any service come to a more abrupt end! With no thought of pronouncing the benediction the dear pastor jumped from his flimsy pulpit—which at that moment clattered over on its side in the street—and hugged me before his astonished listeners. In an amazingly short time word spread through the town that the foreigner had arrived after having traveled along the road so much discussed and I might add that, dangerous as the journey was, stories far from the truth came into being regarding my trip, which to these people seemed a very dangerous journey.

Such news was not long in reaching the magistrate of the city and the following morning, to our great astonishment, two soldiers in full equipment presented themselves at the door of the small Chinese inn in which we had spent the night. By the Chinese characters on their right arms we knew that they were of the personal bodyguard of the magistrate. With no small display of courtesy they handed us an invitation printed on red paper requesting our presence at a feast to be held at the ya-men, the residence of the magistrate, on the following day. The innkeeper and other Chinese who had been standing about and who knew what had happened seemed to take a sudden interest in us as they read and reread the printed invitation which we had left lying on the table; nor did they feel inclined to keep the matter a secret; in fact, they believed such news worthy of wide publication. Consequently, the city folk became keenly interested in the foreigner and his Chinese companion. How the crowds gathered that day to hear us preach in the streets, and everywhere we walked the people greeted us with a smile and cheery word. Within a few short hours a remarkable change had come over the people. Their attitude was completely altered simply be-

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cause the leading man of the city had pronounced himself a friend by inviting us into his home on this great occasion.

On the following day the pastor and I presented ourselves at the door of the ya-men, deeply puzzled about the whole matter, until that day the people had been quite opposed to us, although we had tried fruitlessly to win their confidence. Previously we had found it impossible to rent even a tumble-down building for a meeting place. As we entered the home of our host we found that the important merchants of the city, the head of the police department, and the leading officials as well were already there awaiting our arrival.

After having lived so long on poor Chinese food, which consists mainly of rice with one vegetable and meat twice a week with fish thrown in occasionally, we were pleasantly surprised to be served first cold and then hot dishes: cold chicken, cold roast duck, spiced beef, Chinese ham, larded pig's liver, dried sausage, minced pigeon and bamboo shoots, braised pork and bean sprouts, shrimps with green peas, frog's legs with bamboo shoots, duck's tongues and webs, meat with chicken liver, shark's fins, bird's nest with sweet almond cream, diced chicken with walnuts, braised duck with ginger and pineapple, preserved eggs, green vegetables, rice and turtle soup, and other Chinese delicacies. And, oh, the amazement clearly stamped on the faces of those present when the pastor spoke, telling them that it was customary for the followers of the Lord Christ to return thanks to Him before partaking of food, at the same time testifying that he, himself, was included among those who belonged to Him, and therefore requested permission to thank Him for the food of that day. Permission was granted! Then we two stood to our feet before them all and the pastor preached a short, clear-cut sermon. This message of grace served to introduce the conversation which followed. The magistrate was surprised to hear a foreigner speak his language; therefore I was obliged to answer the

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many questions which came from all sides. It was no easy matter to become reconciled to answering this multitude of questions when by doing so it was necessary for me to forfeit many mouthfuls of delicious food. That day I remembered an old, truthful saying, "Every time the lamb bleats he misses a bite." And so I talked and so missed a large share of a superb meal. However, every question was relative to that subject so dear to my heart.

In time I had explained my reason for coming to China; the substance of the message which we had brought to the dear Chinese people whom we loved; what this Jesus Christ really meant to me and what He had meant to every Chinese who had found Him as his own personal Saviour. The magistrate then asked why I had risked such a dangerous trip alone in the very face of death. At that moment the love which existed between the native pastor and me could not be hidden; and that evidence of Christian love and loyalty won the hearts of those proud, influential men. To our great joy and surprise the magistrate turned and said, "Well, teacher, your seemingly impossible task no longer exists because I will obtain suitable premises for you right away on the main street. You are welcome to our city. Will you not come and live here in our midst?"

I lost no time in replying, "Many, many thanks, Magistrate Tai. I feel very highly honored and greatly indebted to you for this generous offer. At the present time it is not possible for me to take up permanent residence in your most worthy city, since millions of others have not yet heard the name of Jesus. Therefore we must also of necessity go to their villages and homes to tell them this glad news. But many weeks out of the year will be spent in your honorable city. I only wish it were possible to repay you for your kindness to us this day."

The magistrate then said, "Foreign teacher, when do you want to return home?"

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My reply was, "Magistrate, just as soon as possible." He then told me that some of his soldiers would accompany us through the dangerous mountains. And so these soldiers had one hundred and fifty Chinese miles of Gospel preached to them. Thank God the story does not end there. Some months later we had the joy of baptizing forty-five born-again ones in the wide river running through the heart of that city so wonderfully opened to the Gospel.

Can one forget days spent at battlefronts in Kiangsi Province, dealing with all types of people and all manner of religions and proving the power of the message of the Cross to be the one remedy for sin sick souls; days spent looking for food to be taken up to the summer resort at Kuling where a large number of Occidental missionaries were beginning to feel an acute shortage as the enemy slowly encircled the foothills thus closing them in from the outside world; experiences while traveling along the railroad from Nanchang to Kinhwa in Chekiang; times when the bombers machine-gunned the train and when light bombs blew carriages to smithereens and derailed others which were put back into service in a surprisingly short time after the planes had gone on their way. When a warning of the approach of planes was given the valuable locomotive was uncoupled and moved a mile further along the narrow track, where, standing alone, it provided a smaller target and oftentimes entirely escaped the eyes of the enemy overhead. By this time the passengers and train crew would have fled into the surrounding fields, where, half hidden in the growing crops or flat on their bellies in the narrow runways between the wet paddy fields of rice, or crouching invisibly under a hedge or tree, they might escape destruction. Most train travel was done at night, with short nerve-wracking trips during the daylight hours. There was bombing after bombing in Anhwei, Kiangsi and Chekiang cities. I remember being comfortably seated far underground in the

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elaborate air-raid shelter constructed close by the Kiangsi Provincial Governor's Headquarters, which was equipped so that work could continue as usual without great danger even during an exceptionally heavy raid. That day, accompanied by Miss Sherman and another missionary friend, we sat conversing with officials while far above death and destruction took a heavy toll among the less fortunate civilians.

And another time along with General Chang Fuh-lin and one of Dr. Libby's children we sat in an egg-shell shelter anxiously waiting while bomb after bomb fell uncomfortably close causing the earth and furnishings to tremble violently. The most annoying thing about the whole business was the futile attempts of the general's own soldiers, who, equipped only with small arms, kept popping away at the large bombers so far out of their range. The general, well aware of the obviously ridiculous action on the part of his men, apologetically stated that it was best not to interfere since courage was being displayed and an order to cease fire would be misinterpreted, thus having a bad psychological effect on his men.

The memory of holding the child of missionary parents while they moved further out of sight in order to remove mud and grime that clung to them from lying in rice fields during a recent enemy strafing attack over the exposed terrain, remains forever with me. No sooner had the father and mother moved away than a single plane appeared over a nearby hill. Holding the baby in my arms, I ran with every ounce of speed I could muster towards a nearby stream and plunged into the water. I pressed against the bank while expending every effort to keep out of sight of the pilot who was looking for someone whom he might destroy. So much sudden excitement and rough handling coupled with the absence of his parents caused the little one to cry bitterly, but the scene that will ever live with me is that of the small child, tears streaming

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down his face, as he suddenly stopped crying when the Japanese plane, flying uncomfortably low, came into sight. Very conscious of our poor cover, I shifted my gaze from the face of that child to the plane above. Kingsley's big eyes never for a split second left the plane until it had flown beyond our vision. A couple of very anxious parents soon appeared on the spot greatly relieved to find the child safe in my arms.

One memorable day while fleeing before the advancing enemy, I managed to board a bus, which stating it mildly was filled to capacity. If one person happened to obtain a seat it seemed that several others sat hard pressed on top of him. In spite of restraining efforts on the part of the driver most of the passengers managed to push their way into the bus with a piece of baggage, and, as we rocked and lurched along over the deeply rutted roads, the pieces of baggage, seemed to make their way to the door—our only means of entrance and exit, and before many Chinese li (miles) had been covered, the door was blocked with these peculiarly-shaped bundles. Rarely have I used this means of transportation in China without having the misfortune of witnessing car sickness on the part of at least one of the passengers and that day was no exception. Several persons at very close range became extremely sick, and the odor, groans and lively comments on the part of many added greatly to our discomfort. However, as the bus traveled along at a good fifteen to twenty miles an hour, we hoped that another eight hours would find us safely in the Provincial Capital, but, around ten o'clock that morning, a number of the pedestrians lining either side of the road, suddenly bolted towards the rice fields, trying to separate as great a distance as possible between them and the road. This was a signal to the driver that bombers were approaching. He brought the bus to a sudden halt. Men, women and children were flung towards the front of the car. Then

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instantly panic reigned. The door, already jammed with baggage, was forgotten and frantic humanity, wearing thickly padded gowns, broke the glass from the windows and everyone tried to escape at the same moment. Pushing, pulling, panting, screaming, the crowd quickly tumbled from the bus, some bleeding from contact with sharp glass, most with torn clothing. I managed with no little amount of effort to drag myself through a narrow window, and after falling heavily to the ground, picked myself up, and helped pull two or three fellow passengers from the machine. Already the planes were approaching and as I turned from the doomed car, I could hear the fearful cry from the lips of a father, mother and child still inside: "P'a-la, p'a-la"—"Afraid, afraid." In a few seconds it was all over, the heavy drone of the planes, the sudden burst of machine-gun fire, the loud explosions as light bombs fell. Flame and smoke engulfed the bus and pieces of metal fell into the fields. When the sound of the planes died away and we were sure others were not following, people began to rush towards the wreckage, many wondering if any of their belongings could be picked up, but surely all of us were more anxious to discover the living among the dead. Alas, the family of three were far beyond recognition. With the awful words "afraid, afraid"—the cry of heathen people who had never heard the grand old story of a Saviour's love—they had passed into a lost eternity.

Now, our only means of transportation was gone. A number of wounded people lay groaning on the ground, and during the hours of that day I had the joy of leading some of these wounded and dying Chinese to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. How gladly they received the story of the Gospel; the good news of salvation from sin for every poor sinner who will trust with all his heart in the Person of Jesus the Crucified. Once again the central FACT of the Gospel; the central GLORY of the Gospel; the central POWER

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of the Gospel was proven—"Jesus Christ and Him crucified." It is the Gospel of redemption through the shed blood of Jesus, and that alone, which answers to the deep need of the sinner's heart the wide world over. It is no wonder to me that Paul cried, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Beloved, on the Cross hangs all our hope. Take away that Cross of Calvary and I am doomed to hell. Without Calvary and His resurrection from the dead, my fear of eternity would have been exactly the same as that of the three dear Chinese who had just been killed.

Nearby lay an elderly man groaning and moaning. Placing my arm under his head, I sat and in a simple manner told him of a Saviour from sin. With mouth open, this feeble man listened to every word. I spoke slowly, while tears streamed down my face. I feared lest this soul slip into eternity without God. But to my great joy, he understood clearly. God's Spirit was at work, and after a short time, his expression changed and, having confessed his sinnership, he by simple faith accepted God's free gift. Thus I moved from one to another. At first several were not interested, but as the day wore on, some of these showed an eagerness to hear the Gospel and thus a work to His glory was accomplished. Among the wounded was a young lad of not more than fourteen years of age and what a joy to lead him into the Kingdom. Ah, how futile to tell these people about social reformation or political freedom —'twas the old, old story that brought comfort to their hearts that day—the story of the Cross! We must keep Calvary central in our message. Have you ever noticed that Unitarianism has no missions to the heathen? Interpret this for yourselves.

After the wounded had been removed to a nearby home, I returned to the roadside, praying that God would provide transportation, since it seemed necessary for me to reach

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the railroad just as early as possible. Since it was a bitterly cold winter night, I must necessarily keep moving in order to maintain sufficient circulation. The congestion back at the one house in that neighborhood made it impossible for me to obtain any food and this only added to my discomfort. It must have been one o'clock the following morning when a government truck came rattling along the highway. Hopefully I held up my arm and to my joy the driver stopped alongside me, but as I discovered that he had a full load of soldiers, my heart sank for a moment. Then to my great surprise, the man behind the wheel called me by name. He had been in the employ of Mr. John Duff up in Kuling for some years and had met me while I stayed in Mr. Duff's home. I explained my predicament and one of the soldiers found some space for himself in the back of the truck. Thus I was comfortably seated in front. Just before day-break we reached the city of Tong-hsiang, and leaving the main road, my friend with his full load of men, drove the truck through the streets of the city right to the very door of the Missionary Home. Our arrival was announced by the barking of the dogs in the neighborhood and the dear German missionary in charge, rising from a comfortable bed, opened the door and made me more than welcome in his home. Later that day I boarded a train and headed towards Kinwha.

Another book could be written telling of incidents during trips through Japan, Korea, Manchuria and occupied China, but let me cite but one experience of God's protecting care. During our last trip from Korea through Manchuria on our way back to China, my wife and I were traveling together in a comfortable compartment since our first child was soon to be born. On the same train in the very next compartment was the Honorable Mr. Laurence Steinhart, at that time American Ambassador to Russia. It so happened that he was visiting the American Ambassa-

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dor to China, on his way back to Moscow. In view of current circumstances we were conscious of grave danger for when we reached the station on the China side of Mukden, the Japanese officials not only removed our passports, but did not return them when the train was ready to leave. This meant that we were foreigners traveling through Japanese-controlled territory without passports! We could easily be dragged off the train at the next stop and held by the Japanese. Conscious of the grave danger, I asked my wife to leave the train since we must not lose our precious passports. As she stepped off I unceremoniously entered the compartment next door and in a matter of seconds explained the hopelessness of our situation to Ambassador Steinhart. Remember, he was not only a complete stranger, but he was a high official, and was at that moment surrounded by Japanese government officials who were courteously escorting him as the American representative through their territory. Without delay and without question, this true American rose to his feet and together we left the train. Now the train could not move without this honorable passenger, and, to the great confusion of the Japanese officials, Ambassador Steinhart asked that our passports be returned. An order was given by a Japanese official and in a short time we had them in our possession once more. This gentleman helped my wife back on the train. Thus God in a miraculous way undertook for His children.

We experienced one miraculous escape after another and amid it all there was always a very conscious Presence, that of my blessed Lord and Saviour, faithful to His promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

The great Chinese race has been hammered into an admirable nation upon the merciless anvils of war.

Sinza was a city of horrors. With the advance of enemy forces from Kuikiang, the hard pressed Chinese soldiers were

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obliged to retreat. The Japanese had steel equipment well mounted, and had a supply of armored trucks. The Chinese had both inferior and inadequate equipment and had to tramp along in straw sandals or bare feet. Enemy ships had entered the mouth of the Poyang Lake and moreover they had complete control of the air. The few poorly constructed, sparsely equipped gunboats belonging to the Chinese had long since fled towards Nanchang, and during those days China's few planes were far removed from Japan's newly conquered air fields which were close by.

The civilian population had fled to the country; even the few stragglers who had thought they would never abandon their homes had disappeared in the face of such complete devastation. Four days before, the pastor's boy had paid me a visit and after leaving the compound where I sheltered, he had walked a very few blocks when the daily visitors could be heard approaching. Immediately Chinese soldiers grabbed hold of "Kwei-Teh." He was dressed in white Chinese summer pants and shirt. This was interpreted by the soldiers as meaning that he was a spy, since they sincerely believed the enemy pilots could spot anything white below them, and, of course, they believed that this boy was in the city with the sole purpose of directing enemy bombings. No matter how absurd this may appear to any who have not been in China, especially during the early war days, it makes perfect sense. Tears and persuasion and unmistakable tones of sincerity conquered rash judgment on the part of the captors, so, after the bombing had ceased, the soldiers appeared at the compound gate leading a trembling boy, who wasted no time in explaining the situation. As soon as I had assured them that this lad was a personal friend and had visited the city for the sole purpose of being with me for a short time, and that he was far above suspicion, the ruffled soldiers, very conscious of their place of authority, released Kwei Teh and gruffly told

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him to leave Sinza without delay. The lad obeyed gladly and the soldiers courteously apologized for taking my time and turning on their straw covered heels they marched away.

With each passing day the Imperial Air Force added to the horror of previous destruction. This was another city laid waste, ravaged, most of it burned, and with the departure of the Chinese army they were obliged to leave behind the great bulk of their wounded. Broken-down buildings were taken over and these poor men with wounds unattended lay on single strips of matting. Some were covered by Chinese blankets; others less fortunate had thatch thrown over them. Many were dying of disease. Dysentery patients lay unattended amid filth and stench. There were many cases where gangrene had set in and still they lay hoping for medical attention and afraid of certain death should the enemy arrive before they were removed. Promises had been given them and every single man listened hopefully for the sound of a siren announcing the arrival of steam launches from the Provincial Capital.

During those days I had the joy of speaking to many dying boys, and a number of them definitely accepted the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, yet, alas, so many were left in complete darkness; they had no hope beyond a little medical care and even this hope was fast fading with each passing hour.

It was on the morning of the sixth day that I heard the thug, thug of motor launches. As I ran to the veranda and looked down on the bay a welcome sight greeted me as three launches dropped their anchors. Promised help had arrived!

Cries of joy filled the air as fast-dying men, rallying what strength remained, staggered, crawled and limped slowly towards the beach. Three small boats plied back and forth from the launches to the shore all through the hours of the morning, as I assisted in helping the most seriously

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wounded and sick down to the sampans. The hot wind that day did nothing to alleviate the intense heat of a mid-morning sun, but at last the men were removed and the steam launches could now weigh anchor and speed back hugging the Poyang shore-line, to a place where the wounded could have some care.

But, alas, no! This was war, and cruel war has no capacity for feeling.

The heavy drone of enemy engines could be heard and what a contrast! All through the hours of the morning the stifling, foul-smelling air had been filled with cries of hope from the throats of desperately wounded men, but now, even as the dull sound increased, there was a kind of dense silence, an unbearable, nerve-wracking quiet. I glanced down towards the three boats and could see crowded decks, mostly covered with sprawling figures, their faces turned towards the heavens in the direction of the entrance of the Poyang Lake into the River Yangtze. Before long the sound was deafening and nine Japanese planes were circling lower and lower. Past visits to Sinza had assured them of a clear field and no need to suspect opposition, so they without caution lowered altitude, and all the while, the despairing men raised their arms and if one could have heard their cry above the roar of the planes, they would have heard pleas for mercy. Then the pilot in command dived low and I fully expected to see blazing snouts and hear the rat-a-tat of machine-gun fire, but to my surprise he pulled out of his dive and climbed up into the sky again. The remaining eight planes followed suit. Down the leader dived again to be followed by his team, and this continued several times. The wounded men had reason to hope against hope. Were these enemy pilots, who now knew beyond doubt that the ships were loaded with wounded, were they going to have mercy? It might have been the sixth or seventh downward swoop when the leading pilot's plane belched

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forth death and destruction; some bullets sank into broken bodies while others splintered wood or, striking metal, ricocheted off into space. One plane followed the other as they attacked the three helpless launches. Poor lads who had shrapnel or bullets already in their bodies, slid over the sides to watery graves. Blood flowed freely—then one plane released a bomb which fell squarely on one of the three ships of mercy. There was a tremendous explosion, tons of water, debris, bits of bodies, steam, smoke and flame shot skyward, a second bomb fell on the second boat and yet a third on the remaining launch. The surface of the bay was tremendously ruffled by the explosions as the tiny motor launches were blown to pieces. There I stood, tears streaming down my face, witnessing a scene never to be forgotten. Surely as we leave Central and North China and travel back with the teaming millions of poor refugees to far West China and look on the three hundred million people in that land who have never once heard the story of redeeming grace, our hearts will be ruffled like the surface of Sinza Bay. But, even as I stood watching, the drone of the planes died away as they returned to their base; the angry ruffled surface slowly disappeared and in its place came a dreadful calm. We who realize that the care of precious souls has been entrusted to us, that we have a great responsibility towards the perishing—we, most of all, must beware of this dreadful calm in our own spirits.

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Chapter 3

SHANGHAI TO HAIPHONG

One glance at the map will show you Shanghai, located in the flat lush delta of the Yangtse, and about sixty miles from the sea. In peacetime modern steamers from all over the world come right up the Whangpoo River to the city and berth at wharves on either side of it. Its pre-war occupation of three and a half millions included one or more of every kind of human being on earth. Shanghai is truly a mixture of good and evil. Missionaries, gamblers, gunmen, vice-ring and opium-den runners continually rub shoulders. Alas, today it is a city of great suffering. One of our board members in China, none other than General Chang Chih Chung, Minister of the Political Department of the Military Council, was entrusted by the Generalissimo with the tremendous task of defending this great city against the advancing Japanese Army, Naval and Air Forces at the beginning of the China Incident in 1937. Practically barehanded, with an eighteenth century army, the Chinese not only retarded the enemy, but actually held Shanghai for three whole months against Japan's well equipped, twentieth century Army, Navy and Air Force. China's valiant fight in and around Shanghai will be recorded as one of the most heroic and dramatic stories in human history.

Japan occupied much of this city early in the war, but fortunately the International Settlements were denied her for a short space, and these Settlements proved a temporary haven for poor refugees from occupied territory. However in their unscrupulous devastation of China the aggressors gave foreigners in Shanghai many a revolting display in their art of savage cruelty and cold-blooded murder. It was hard to face the fact that this continual slaughter of

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innocent non-combatants with the single purpose of terrorism was largely accomplished with materials furnished by our home country. Yet, thanks be to God, a lasting good came out of this holocaust of war. Thousands upon thousands of heart-broken people, deprived of all but meager existence, were brought to a realization of spiritual need. Thank God a few of these suffering people had an opportunity to hear the story of one who "was wounded for our transgression" and "bruised for our iniquities." Many who heard responded eagerly. Today, in Free China there is a similar response on the part of the millions of poor refugees as our native Chinese workers labor among them, but alas, the laborers are so few, and a pitifully small number of the vast multitude have an opportunity to hear the glad tidings.

On our way to the steamer sailing for Hongkong, we drove down the main street of the city known as Nanking Road. This famous street is lined on either side with large and small shops where one can purchase enticing products of the Chinese loom, workshop and jewelry of Chinese craftmanship. Here are modern department stores similar to those in large cities at home; however the real charm of Shanghai is to be found in the old native sections of the city where everything is genuinely and typically Chinese. Here are shops shut in behind doors, while others have their fronts open to the dusty street. Here also are found hundreds of pork shops, roast duck shops, and home bakeries where business is transacted in full view of the public. Visitors stop to gaze inside native drugstores whose commodities include weird roots, dried peels, insects, herbs, seaweed, skin and bones, while other shops that attract attention are the silver shops, the curio shops, and the innumerable pawn shops.

Here you find a real congestion of humanity, bumping, colliding, laughing, swearing; intensely aware of every

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happening around them; peddlers and itinerant barbers and venders of bean curd, threading their way through the crowds, their wares and tools of trade dangling from well-balanced bamboo poles; muscular coolies sweating freely under incredibly heavy loads; women with babies strapped to their backs; beggars crying their open sores; loaded donkeys, their flesh raw where the far too tight bands around their wasted bodies have rubbed away the outer skin; water buffaloes with their vacant look, led by small boys who hold a short rope fastened to a ring cut through their noses; black, sway-backed pigs, ill-favored and poorly nourished; scraggy chickens splashed with bright colored paints; ricksha coolies winding and twisting through the crowd at an incredibly steady pace, bellowing or barking a warning cry which magically clears a path before them; old women sitting on narrow benches unconcernedly smoking awkwardly-shaped pipes, while old men with humorous eyes stroke their thinning beards or sip cup after cup of steaming hot green tea, while everywhere, in and out of the crowd, rush gaily-attired children, their thickly-padded clothes flung open to the weather.

Before reaching the boat, we passed along the "Bund" lined with offices and banks, with architecture so advanced as to give the skyline of Shanghai the appearance of a great and prosperous Western metropolis.

As our ship sailed from the wharf into midstream, it passed craft of every description, from the ancient sampans and queer junks to the latest ocean liners and naval cruisers. They move in a stream of never-ending variety, and as you travel onward you carry memories—memories of the crowded streets of a city where sin and misery abound; memories of a procession of priests chanting their way through the streets; memories of a black-haired child dressed in a Chinese gown who waved to you as you passed.

We sailed down the river, and on the morning of the

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third day our steamer approached the beautiful island of Hongkong, which was ceded to Great Britain in perpetuity by the Treaty of Canton early in 1841, and later confirmed by the Treaty of Nanking on August 29, 1842. However, early in World War II it fell into the hands of the Japanese. The island lies off the Province of Kwangtung and is about twenty miles east of the estuary of the Pearl River and ninety miles by water southeast of Canton.

The world knows of the wanton murder, pillage and starvation which ensued in the days following the Japanese landing of December, 1941. Many drastic changes took place, including daily broadcasts in Japanese. Remaining residents were compelled to learn the Japanese language; names of famous places like Queen's Road and Victoria Peak were given Japanese names; scuttled boats were salvaged and loaded with loot which was sent to Japan; rubber factories were reopened; the Kaitak Airdrome was repaired and enlarged for military and commercial service between China and Japan. Their chief objective, however, was to poison the minds of the Chinese against all Western powers and against their own Chungking government, and gain their adherence to the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Plan." American and British citizens were shamefully and cruelly treated publicly by their captors to prove to the Chinese that the day of the Western powers in the East had passed.

That day as our ship sailed through Lyeemun Pass, with the eastern extremity of the island on the left, and the mainland on the right, several British Air Force planes flew overhead, while close by, mounted on rock foundations, were large guns guarding the pass. The island is little more than an irregular range of hills rising steeply out of the sea. It is about ten miles long and from two to five miles wide. The capital of the colony is Victoria, but is more commonly known by the same name as the island. The city is built on the hillside and slopes up from the water's

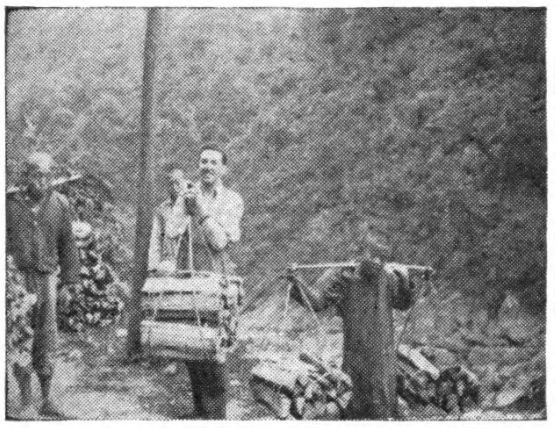
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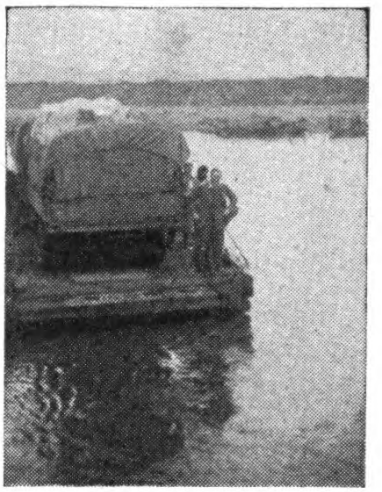
edge at an angle of approximately twenty-three degrees toward the three peaks, Nangchai, Victoria, and High West, which tower well over a thousand feet above the summit of the city. The highest point is known as "The Peak" and can be reached either by means of a cable tramway or by a splendidly-surfaced winding road. During the day a splendid panoramic view of the greater part of the city, its busy port and bay can be observed from the hillside, while at night the scene, viewed from this vantage point, flecked with myriad lights, is like a fairyland and is one of the most fascinating features of a beautiful island.

Without tugs or other extraneous aid our ship berthed alongside the wharf at Kowloon on the mainland. There we parted company with the ship, since she was sailing toward Manila, and our course lay south to French Indo-China. We were obliged to delay some time in Hongkong, in order to secure a French visa and passage on another ship to Haiphong. Knowing something of the difficulties to be encountered in securing bookings for French Indo-China, I hastened to make the necessary inquiries. To my dismay, the booking clerks assured me of their sympathy, but informed me that every boat was booked up long before it reached Hongkong. However, I was told that if I would give them my name, my turn would probably come in about six weeks. With a heavy heart I made my way toward the French consulate.

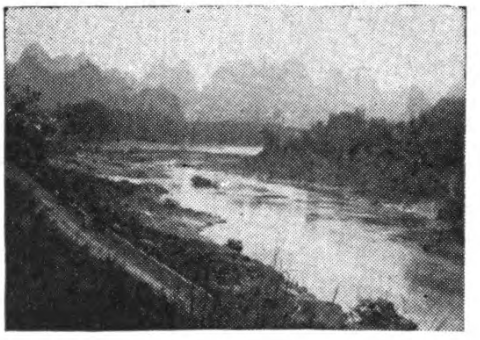
While standing in line, awaiting my turn, I happened to make the acquaintance of a fellow foreigner and discovered that he was driving a truck from Haiphong to Chungking. I asked him if he would like a passenger, and he readily consented to take me along. When he assured me of free transportation, the Scotch in me closed the deal. The only difficulty was that his truck was already loaded on a boat which was to sail the following morning, and I was

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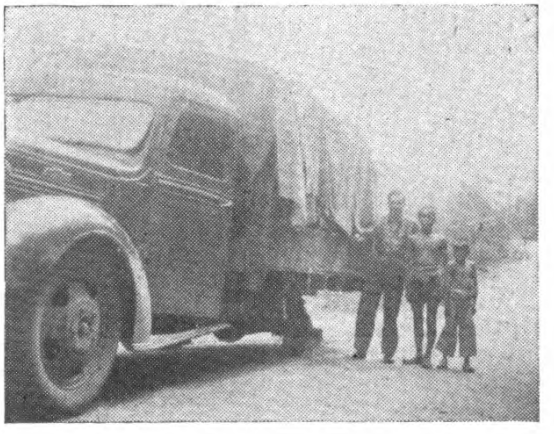












From left to right:

The author in the mountains; On the ferry; The approach to a tribal village; Scenery in the Kwanesi Province; On the road: Truck minus a wheel on the Burma Road.

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From left to right:

Rev. Calvin Chao; Mrs. Robert Chung; Robert Chung; Doris Lum, now Mrs. Lu.

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still faced with the probability of having to wait six weeks before I could obtain passage.

Retracing my steps I again confronted the clerk in the shipping office, telling him of my chance meeting and numbering its many advantages to me in the event that I could obtain passage for the morning boat. He continued to sympathize, but assured me passage on the S. S. *Szechwan* was out of the question. However, I refused to take "no" for an answer, and just as his patience was nearly exhausted, he pointed through the window to a small launch approaching the dock and told me that the captain was on board and suggested that I had better see him for proof. As the launch drew alongside the wharf, I stood there awaiting the captain as he stepped ashore. As I shook hands with him he asked me whether I intended sailing on his ship the following day. I assured him that I did. "Have you bought your ticket?" he asked. Then and there I pleaded my cause telling him how urgent it was that Wang and I effect an early arrival in Chungking. I also told him that we must travel with him to Haiphong in order to avail ourselves of a free trip from the coast right through to West China. The Captain had experienced the happy fortune of being born in dear old Scotland, so I had no difficulty in pleading my cause. With a fine smile and handshake he promised to fit us up somehow.

On returning to the home of a missionary friend that evening, I learned that someone had tried to contact me to see if I would drive a truck back to Chungking from Haiphong rather than ride along with my new acquaintance. My Hongkong friend assured him that I would be happy to drive this truck especially since it was for the Chungking government.

During my many visits in and out of Hongkong I enjoyed to the fullest extent the charm, beauty, and superb scenery of this island. Hongkong is, of all places on

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the globe, a place to remember. As you leave it in your wake sailing out to sea, it seems unusually desirable and strange.

It felt good to be back on the rolling sea once more, especially since I longed to get to the band of noble Chinese workers, who through much suffering had reached the far distant province of Szechwan. The good old ship S. S. *Szechwan* was truly headed in the right direction. All along the way I watched the changing moods of the South China coast line with supreme joy, finding special interest in the southern fishing vessels which are the gayest I have ever seen. Besides the usual brown and white sails, there were red, mauve, and orange-striped ones. Some were made of bamboo netting; others displayed different brands of flour; many a bed cover has courageously ended its days fluttering in the fresh South Sea breezes.

Our first port of call from Hongkong was Kwang-chowan in the province of Kwang-tung. All one could see was a spattering of small houses along the sea front, while in the background were more substantial buildings belonging to the French authorities, for Kwang-chowan was a French concession. However, all along the shore there were bamboo trees which undoubtedly were used to build bamboo houses. If you cared to go ashore, you could see a man sitting in a bamboo house under a bamboo roof, resting on bamboo rafters, supported by bamboo posts. He would be sitting on a bamboo chair at a bamboo table, his feet resting on a bamboo stool. He might have a bamboo hat on his head and bamboo sandals on his feet. He would be holding in one hand a bamboo bowl, and in the other bamboo chopsticks, while eating bamboo sprouts cooked over a bamboo fire. After his meal, the table would be washed with a bamboo cloth, and he would fan himself with a bamboo fan and smoke a bamboo pipe or take a siesta on a bamboo bed, lying on a bamboo mat with his head resting on a bamboo

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pillow. His child might be lying in a bamboo cradle playing with a bamboo toy. The parent, on rising, would take a bamboo pen and write a letter on bamboo paper. Then he would leave the bamboo house, carrying his load in bamboo baskets suspended from a bamboo pole, also taking along a bamboo umbrella. He would walk over the bamboo bridge, then stop to take a drink out of a bamboo ladle, and, wiping his mouth with a bamboo handkerchief, would hurry on his way through the bamboo trees that line the waterfront of Kwang-chowan.

The following day our ship, according to schedule, was due to call at Hainan Island, but while yet some distance away we spotted two Japanese destroyers to starboard. When they signaled our ship, our captain respectfully obliged by giving them the information they requested. However, one of them was dispatched to follow us which caused the Scottish chief engineer to increase speed in an effort to outrun her. The destroyer made a beautiful picture as she cut through the waves in overtaking us. When she came abreast after being forced to inhale no small amount of our black smoke, we slacked our pace. Soon they lowered a pinnace and came towards our ship. As the naval party boarded us it had little difficulty in obtaining a fairly accurate account of our cargo, since several trucks were in full view, lashed to our decks. With bows and scrapes they politely suggested we forget the idea of calling at Hainan Island, and, in spite of the assurance of our captain, they smilingly refused to be convinced and made certain that we skipped our second port of call.

The following day we dropped anchor in the bay opposite Pakhoy. Here we were again entertained by the Japanese Government. This entertainment was in the nature of air maneuvers. Five sea-planes flew overhead and on towards the interior where they emptied their bomb racks. We could hear the loud explosions as they struck the earth.

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The homeward bound planes were sufficiently interested in our ship to circle around and around diving dangerously low as they flew over our decks. The pilot and his partner were in full view as they strained their necks to have a good "look see" as each plane in turn passed over our heads. They kept up this means of entertainment for easily fifteen minutes. At mid-day we sailed past the rows of green trees that lined the wooded shores of the bay, past a small island at the mouth of the harbor, and onward past the tall pagoda rising from the mainland like a finger pointing into the sky.

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Chapter 4

THROUGH FRENCH INDO-CHINA

Two mornings later our ship steamed through an exceedingly narrow channel as it pulled into the pier at Haiphong, French Indo-China. The gulls wheeled overhead, calling monotonously, perpetually unhurried; awkward birds suddenly graceful as they were lifted by powerful wings toward heaven; birds made beautiful by the background of the sky. Soon the ship had docked, and the crowd of dock hands climbed over the side or scrambled up the gang plank, eager to investigate her cargo, while the gulls that had followed her into harbor wheeled intricately over the wharf.

The port of Haiphong and the capital, Hanoi, impressed me as dark cities where luxury, wealth, wickedness, and immorality reigned. Many thousands in French Indo-China are held fast in the grip of Roman Catholicism. This country presents a tremendous challenge to people who are concerned in getting the message of the Gospel to those who are living in heathen darkness.

The Annamese, or natives of French Indo-China, are a very interesting people. Their favorite habit seems to be chewing the beetle nut. A piece of bark, lime, and a portion of the nut, are wrapped in a leaf of the same tree, and virtually every Annamese is constantly chewing or spitting out the red juice extracted from this combination. Everywhere you go you find red splotches on the ground as a result of this habit.

It seems to me that there exists among this people the nearest possible approach to equality of the sexes. They live simply in homes built of bamboo, the main beams being laced together with bamboo ropes or tough creepers.

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The roofs are mostly made of interlaced palm leaves. They cook very little. The men and women work in groups loading and unloading cargo. The only noticeable difference between the men and women is that occasionally there is a mother with a child strapped to her back, but she works exactly as the rest with little trouble.

These natives of French Indo-China are made up of the numerous races and tribal groups who in successive migrations have swept down across southern Asia.

Mounting a ricksha, I motioned to the coolie and he drew me swiftly on my way, meanwhile shouting many strange words. Close contact with these people was most undesirable since the strong odor of garlic permeated the very atmosphere about them, and beetle nut juice dribbled like blood from the corners of their mouths. Cars, rickshas, and bullock carts, with bells tingling above the creaking of the ungreased axles, rumbled through the streets. It was interesting to see these teams shuffling slowly along the roads hauling enormous loads on high heavy wheels. The bullock driver rode beside his sweating team, now and then cracking his long whip or sending a stream of profanity echoing through the alleys. Strong lungs and a savage utterance are essential to a driver of bullocks.

During my first day in Haiphong I visited one of its many attractive temples. It struck a strange yet distinctive note in Oriental architecture—multiple roofs of gaily colored tiles rose atop white walls in a quaint overlapping manner; gables were decorated in heavy relief; strange figures, representing the heads of mythical serpents, reared themselves at each of the many corners of the roofs. The walls and roofs of the temple were beautifully decorated, and within the enclosed courtyard sat a huge Buddha on a golden throne.

That afternoon a native took advantage of my sky-gazing as I flung my head back in order to quench my thirst by

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drinking the pleasant-tasting milk of a fresh ripe coconut. While I was in this position, he relieved me of the fountain pen in my breast pocket. I should have known better than to present such tempting loot to a people who have no respect for property rights nor for such dull careless individuals as I had proven myself to be.

While in Haiphong, I was fascinated by avenue after avenue of coconut palms in various stages of growth. Outside the city many of these palms were in full-bearing while others down to five years were partly bearing, and the youngest straggled up above the surrounding undergrowth. A young coconut palm is a beautiful thing with its smoothly symmetrical shape rising gracefully to spread the delicate green fronds of its crest against the sky. It sways lazily but strongly with a careless passive resistance to the elements and the sheen of its leaves is the lovely expression of the vigorous young life within its body.

I was obliged to spend several days in Haiphong since hundreds of tons of cargo and several other trucks must be unloaded ahead of my truck. However, I was more than glad when I was informed that the time had come for me to receive delivery of my car upon the pier. I was happy that morning, in spite of the melancholy cry of gulls and the sad hoot of arriving and departing steamers.

Driving past endless stacks of goods pouring out from the holds of other ships, and great numbers of vehicles packed in crates piled all along the entire length of the wharf, I drove toward the main streets of Haiphong. Since I had not driven a car for some time, I had failed to notice that the law demanded right-hand driving in French Indo-China. It will be better, I am sure, to refrain from expressing in words my first impressions of the French and Annamese as I drove for some distance without casualty on the left-hand side of the street. Approaching traffic insisted on missing me by a matter of inches, and it was not

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until a French policeman forced me to stop, and in poor English and loud French made me to understand that I was a menace to the public in general and to law-abiding car drivers in particular, that I discovered that the looks and unfriendly glances showered upon me were deserved. In days to come I was obliged to cross from French Indo-China into China Proper many times where they also drive on the left-hand side. So my lesson, learned at this early stage, stood me in good stead.

The scenery of this small country, both coastal and interior, has beauty worthy of praise. Often its long stretches of flat country are rescued from monotony by the odd-shaped blue hills rising in the background. On these flat stretches rice is grown in the usual way, in irrigated paddies, and lends a charm all its own. Primitive methods of agriculture are still employed. Farmers, driving clumsy water buffaloes, churn the soil with a plow until it becomes a mixture of mud and fertilizer about the consistency of porridge. Most of the irrigation of the rice paddies is done with primitive ladles or foot pumps. Both men and women work all day long under the tropical sun transplanting rice seedlings from nursery beds into this ooze which is nearly knee-deep. These seedlings are transplanted when they are from seven to twelve inches high and have gained sufficient strength to enable them to take advantage of the nourishment prepared for them. Hundreds of plants are grasped about the middle and drawn gently from the muddy nursery beds. Each bundle is swung heavily in the air and brought down on the raised foot of the farmer or on the bank of the rice field. This quick stroke helps remove the clinging earth. Then the seedlings are separated into bunches of four or five and plunged, evenly spaced, with a single adroit movement of the hand into the muddy paddies. All that is required before the crop is ready to harvest is an occasional weeding and plenty of moisture.

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Then, as the crop ripens, birds must be frightened from the fields.

As one drives along the road, sailboats seen at a distance across the plain appear to be crossing dry land. They are sailing on the water-ways that lace the rice lands.

After many hours of pleasant driving through checker-boarded rice plains, we noticed the changed appearance of the countryside, and the road led through hilly country. Here the scenery changed. Along one stretch of road there was a foaming river on one side and thick forest on the other. We passed mountain villages where men merely sat—silent and glum. Children, curious and afraid, stared at us from a distance. They were like poor little animals, and some of them were just as naked.

Towards evening the setting sun lent additional enchantment to a cluster of houses at the base of a nearby mountain range. The twinkling lights were reflected in the shallow water of the broad stream flowing gracefully past, while in the foreground, just to complete the picture, and to impress the scene indelibly upon the mind, an old shallow-draft river boat, sail set, was underway in spite of approaching darkness. A short time later I brought the car to a standstill on the street of a town bordering China Proper.

We spent that first night in a local hotel where sleep was impossible since our room was merely an apology for an enclosure. If I had raised myself on my toes, I could have seen all that was happening in the neighboring rooms. All through the dark hours men gambled; while others seemed hilariously happy as they drank and drank, now and then rising to their feet and swaying about drunkenly. Chairs and tables noisily objected to the treatment being accorded them; but worst of all, many of the patrons spent the night smoking opium, and the foul smell filled the whole building.

The following morning a government official asked if I

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would be willing to assist the government, since an emergency had arisen and vital material must get over the border. Would I be willing to spend some days removing loads of this material from French Indo-China into one of the border cities of China Proper? I did not delay in agreeing to lend my services for the emergency period. Thus, for nearly two weeks my time was spent either on the road or sleeping in the truck as I contributed, according to opportunity, to China's gallant war effort.

The shadows of evening were deepening as I crossed the border with my first precious load. One of the headlights was not functioning, and this Chinese road proved to be very different from the lovely roads in French Indo-China. With mere manpower, crude tools, and unwavering determination, war-torn China had to build her own roads through country that seemed impassable. There were steep grades, hair-pin turns, crude bridges, and narrow stretches, while in some places this road led through solid rock which had had to be cut through without the aid of modern tools. In some places the top of the load had to be leveled very low so that the truck could be driven through the narrow gap.

For hours I drove along in the truck over the rough surface of the road as it wound and twisted through the mountains. Several times I had to apply the brakes on difficult bends which could only be traversed at a crawling pace. At about nine o'clock, while I drove along a narrow neck of road, the rear wheels on the left side of the heavy, overloaded truck managed to slip from the road out into space so that I was driving along on two front wheels and only one set of double wheels at the back. I tried desperately to manipulate the truck so that the wheels now spinning in space could recover the road, but to my grief, the angle of the road and the weight on the truck worked against me,

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and then it happened! The chassis struck the road's surface, and the back of the truck swung out into space.

Realizing the value of my load and hoping that my position was not hopeless I wondered how far my hind wheels were from the ground below them. Trying the doors I discovered the hinges were badly sprung so that I could not force either one of them open, so I climbed out of the window and finally reached the ground. To my great joy, there were less than six feet separating my back wheels from the rice paddy below. I had left my headlight on, and like a slim white finger its light reached into the darkness. Alone I could do nothing so, thanking God that I was still in one piece, I settled down to await the arrival of other government trucks.

Before midnight a number of trucks had reached this spot. Each carried at least two men besides the driver. These men were not coolies, but drivers who hoped to bring new trucks out of French Indo-China for their government. They saw my plight, although they spoke mostly of their own. My truck, by blocking the road, prevented them from accomplishing their own tasks. Several times they asked what I intended doing, and in a very nice way I told them that I was depending upon their help since coolies were not available. Truck drivers are truck drivers and not coolies so they shrugged their shoulders and moved away from me. One learns patience in China so I was content to bide my time.

Soon it happened. One of the crowd was appointed spokesman. He approached me while the others stood silently watching. He was very polite and again expressed his sorrow at my plight, but pointed out that, by simply removing my fenders and bumper, there would be enough space for their cars to creep past; then the following morning they would send coolies from the city.

Placing my right hand over my hip pocket and my left

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hand on his shoulder, I spoke loud enough for the others to hear, reminding him that I was doing this work for the Chinese Government and asking him whether he and the others still insisted on refusing to help me unload my truck and get it back on the road! I could feel the man tremble as he glanced toward my hip pocket. Then, rather awkwardly he stepped back, half raising his hands, and began to apologize. Turning to the crowd, he told them I had a gun and would shoot to kill if they refused to knuckle down and get my truck back on the road. That instant everything changed, and every man gave himself freely to the task of unloading my truck. When this was completed, some used planks, while ropes were tied to another truck, and before two o'clock that morning my truck was back on the road, reloaded, and not much the worse for its recent experience. Little did those men know that all my hip pocket contained was a handkerchief and a few dollar bills. It was far from amusing to be taken for a killer, but that simple move of my hand caused men to forget their petty pride and to help a fellow out of a desperate plight.

That incident reminded me of a somewhat similar experience near the foothills of the Kuling Mountains in Kiangsi Province. It had fallen to my lot to escort a number of American women from a summer resort to the city of Nanchang. We had rather an exciting time since the means of transportation promised failed to turn up, and after tramping all day, we were obliged to spend the night in the foothills by the side of the road. Doubtless some of the party will read this account, and it will bring back memorable experiences. On the way down the mountains we met Belden, Smith, and Davies, well-known reporters in the Orient.

After an interesting day spent under cover as enemy planes flew overhead seeking whom they might kill, we managed to find space on a truck that carried us safely to

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Nanchang. One member of the party was the daughter of dearly loved Dr. Libby, and Red Cross nurses, recognizing her, and conscious of a debt unpayable to her dear father, arranged for our transportation. However, our luggage had been left behind near the foothills because the coolies refused to carry it farther lest they, themselves, fall into the hands of the enemy. This luggage contained many valued articles. I obtained an interview with the Governor in the Provincial Capital, Nanchang, and he agreed to let me have a truck if I cared to drive back at my own risk. He feared I would run into the enemy which at that time was closing slowly around the mountains. With a Chinese driver and one of the Governor's own bodyguards, I started out after dark from Nanchang on my trip to the foothills.

We had hoped to reach the luggage and get away from the danger zone before the light of another day, but in spite of the fact that the car appeared to be a fairly new one and in good shape, only a few miles out of the city we discovered a leak in the radiator. Through the night we had to stop at intervals and fill up with water. Then the driver, not knowing the way, instead of turning to the left, kept on towards the right after passing a place called Tehan. Soldiers tried to stop us as we rode along, but we thought they wanted a lift, so paid no heed to their cries. Then, when obliged to stop the truck to replenish our water supply, we were surprised to hear artillery as it barked at Chinese positions a very short distance ahead of us. We had to back up quite a ways by starlight before we managed to turn the truck and head back towards the soldiers whom we had passed near Tehan.

Our driver was inclined to head back to Nanchang, but our guard helped us to decide to make a stab at reaching the luggage. The soldiers directed us toward the river that had to be crossed and while we stopped to get this necessary

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information, poor wounded men had climbed onto the truck, and luggage or no luggage, I was determined to give these men a fighting chance to live. So, already loaded, we headed towards the river and reached the bank just as the stars began to pale out of the skies and the darkness turned to gray as a faint light tinged the horizon. The dreaded dawn had come, and we were within a few miles of the enemy's front lines. As the car slid to a standstill, a wooden ferry was being poled toward our bank.

The wounded men—poor creatures who knew what it was to suffer—had no desire to be exposed to more bombings and strafings so shouting and waving their sticks, they threatened to kill the driver if he would not turn the truck and head away from the river and danger. These broken men were filled with fear and their actions as well as their threats put the fear of death into the heart of the none-too-brave driver. He came and pleaded with me to turn back and I was half tempted to do so since a few pieces of luggage were nothing where precious lives were concerned.

While I stood there hesitating, the ferry reached our side, and the one passenger, a young soldier, jumped ashore and making straight for the back of the truck, proceeded to force his way onto the vehicle. At that very moment a seriously wounded man got in front of him, and even while I looked, he pushed this broken piece of humanity out of his way. His blow and push were sufficient to force those two wobbly legs and weak frame heavily to the ground. The wounded man groaned before he lapsed into a faint.

Without hesitation I leaped toward the fit soldier who had acted so cruelly, and clutching him with both hands, hauled him from the back of the truck and without ceremony helped him to a seat on the hard clay. Thick, hot rage welled in his throat as he sat there gazing at the once noisy crowd on the truck who now silently looked on. Then his rage erupted violently in a torrent of Chinese profanity.

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For several minutes he unleashed a soul-sickening flow of foul invectives. Then from sheer lack of breath, his voice dropped to a more level tone.

Stepping to the side of the crumpled form of the wounded soldier I stooped over him and at the same time shouted to his companions on the truck, assuring them that we would waste no time. Without a word of objection from the once noisy men, we drove onto the ferry, and across into dangerous country where the luggage was recovered. My reaction to the cruel conduct of the cowardly soldier toward one of their buddies won for me the love and respect of that load of wounded men.

Later that morning I drove to military headquarters in the city and fell asleep on the front seat while the truck was unloaded. That very spot was heavily bombed a matter of days later; in fact, the city was practically leveled to the ground.

One never forgets driving at night towards a city that has just experienced its first baptism of fire. Ahead you see the dull glow in the sky which announces a bombed and burning city left in the wake of enemy planes. Since it was not in the right direction for the sun to rise, nor the right hour to expect it, there was no doubt about the nature of the glow on the horizon. The light grew brighter as I approached, and then, hours later, in the gray light of morning, great columns of black smoke could be seen rising above the flames. The scene from a distant hill top was both magnificent and terrible.

Once on the outskirts of the city, I was obliged to drive carefully and slowly because bombs had caused great craters and also had torn down parts of the city wall. Pieces of buildings lay everywhere. Since the terrified populace never thought it their duty, nor did the military, to clear away the debris, I was obliged to stop the car, climb out, and clear away the mess myself. Thus detained, I was in great danger, since the planes of destruction might

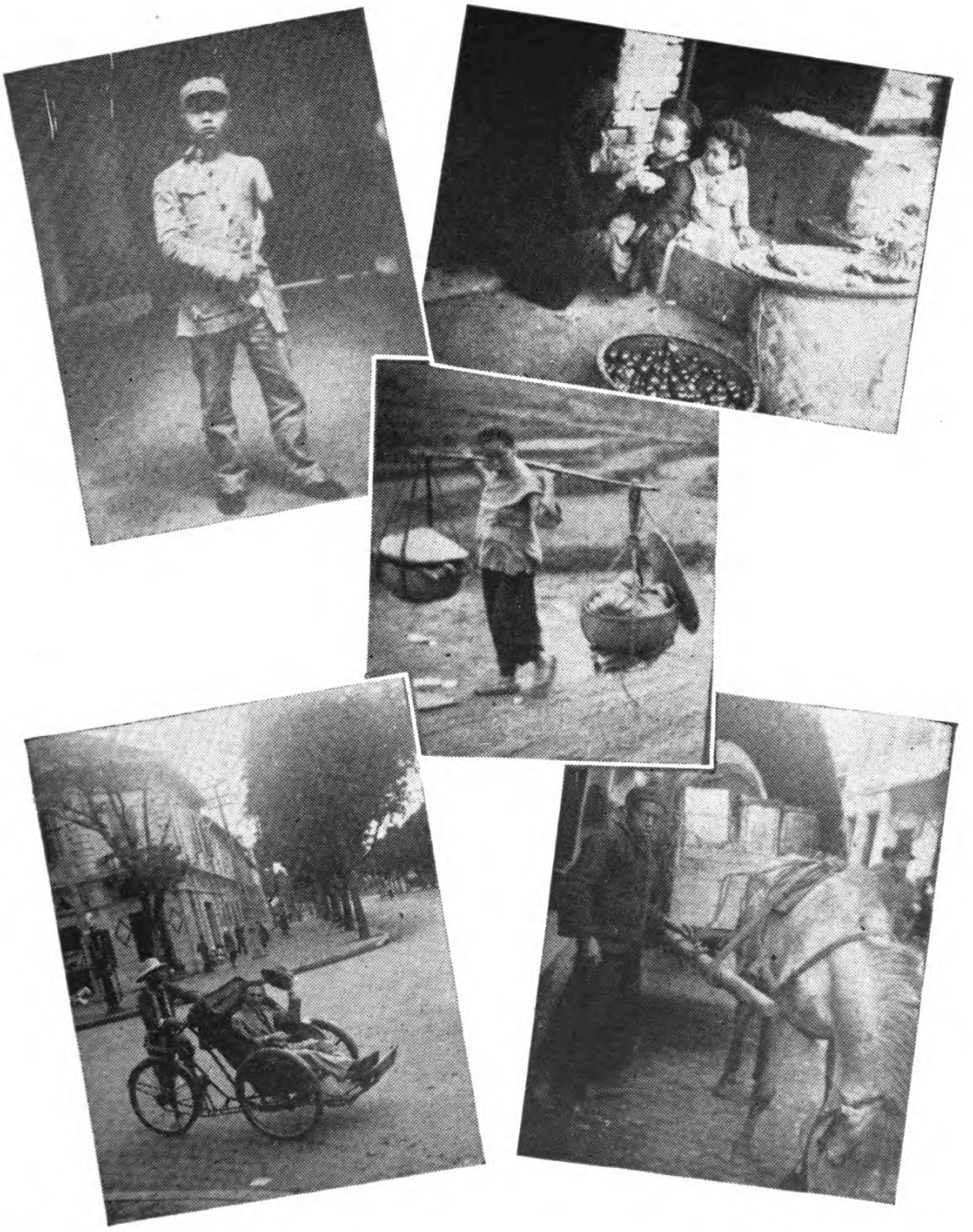
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return at any time. The farther the truck penetrated, the worse the obstacles became and the greater the danger from toppling buildings, especially as I advanced toward the city's flaming region. At times my way was entirely blocked by burning buildings and piles of debris.

Since the contents of my truck prevented my approaching too close to the flames, I sought a suitable detour. Flaming buildings hold a terrible fascination. Above the roar of the engine could be heard the sound of the flames eating away everything that was inflammable. The interior of many a building was like a blast furnace where only the shell stood silhouetted grotesquely against the roaring inferno within. Passing many side streets, I saw whole buildings fall, burying the street under several feet of molten ashes.

After no little trouble and delay, I found the place where my cargo could be unloaded, and with an empty truck I turned and drove slowly toward its outskirts obsessed by a desire to escape this city of horrors. All along the street were poor crippled civilians who pleaded with me to take them along. It was heart-rending to see and hear women and children whimper as they begged to be taken. In many places the thick dust of the road was splashed with the blood of defenseless men, women, and children. The whole city was in turmoil. False rumors spread like wild fire. Civilians milled around through the streets wondering what someone else was going to do. Every means of transportation, mainly rickshas and wheelbarrows, was loaded to capacity with refugees. The horrible suffering, as well as the odor of fresh blood, to say nothing of the sight of it, was soul-shaking. Some suffered until the sweat stood out on their faces and soaked their thin clothes. On every hand were the wounded. Some groaned feebly, their big eyes staring straight before them, lips dry and parched, opening and closing spasmodically—all pleading for help.

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From left to right:

A young soldier who accepted the Saviour; An Anamese family; An Anamese woman with her load; Haiphong city, French Indo-China; Note cans of gasoline in cart.

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From left to right:

The author in Kingtechen Kiangsi Province in winter with a Chinese child; The author with two sons of China; Advertising the C.N.E.C., city-wide campaign in Chungking; Dr. Chia Yu Ming.

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On several occasions I brought the truck to a halt and made my way with difficulty along narrow streets where people had grouped together. Bombs had fallen and the dead and dying lay tangled around the small craters. Picking up the broken forms of small children I carried them over debris towards the back of the truck. They screamed with the pain from their wounds as they were laid out on the hard boards, and I have often wondered about their awful suffering because, hours later, they were again removed, and laid down on the soft earth. I will never forget heart-broken mothers as they staggered along clinging to bloody bundles of cloth, bone and flesh, all that was left of their precious children.

Leaving the city of suffering behind, the truck, now heavily loaded with broken humanity, rattled and bumped along the narrow road which streamed with refugees. Hundreds were walking carrying packs on their shoulders—a quiet, patient army—no laughter, little talk, as they turned their backs on homes now ruined, and loved ones either blown beyond recognition, or at that moment burning under several feet of molten ashes.

The pedestrians acted as a signal as I drove along. If anyone looked up into the sky or crouched low or, leaving the road, made for the fields or hillside, it was a danger signal that planes were approaching. The ears of people who had passed through only one severe bombing were sensitive to the drone of planes. On many occasions I have had to drive my truck under cover where possible, and then scramble towards shelter—sometimes behind the trunk of a tree, a clay wall, or a ditch, always keeping on the far side for protection against machine gun bullets or flying shrapnel. Often the planes flew so low that the pilots' heads presented a fine target to anyone in possession of a rifle. With deadly effectiveness they released their bombs; then diving low, and straightening out, they swept the

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bloody roads with their guns leaving horrible sights and intense suffering behind as their planes climbed away. Many times on the road I have prayed for clouds as I have driven along and have been encouraged as clouds have appeared in the bright, pitiless sky, dulling it sufficiently to prevent the bombers from venturing down close enough to the road surrounded by hills and mountain ranges.

Occasionally, from a safe distance, I have sat and watched them bomb houses clustered together by the roadside. For a considerable time the planes would circle around before bombing and machine-gunning without the slightest fear of opposition. They knew they had the game all to themselves so why spare women and helpless children? Great columns of smoke would arise, neatly trimmed with flames. There was no way of combatting the flames—no such thing as a water hydrant. Every drop of water must be carried by coolies in buckets. Thus, many of the doomed houses would cave in on the heads of the wounded, or on any of the trapped occupants who had escaped death from exploding metal or falling debris. With a sigh of glad relief I have enjoyed watching the shades of night close mercifully and slowly down over red-stained roads. I have often trembled, looking back at the end of the day. The destruction of life had been ghastly. The enemy could really boast of a successfully accomplished massacre.

Years will never erase the memories of outstanding days in my life. One night under the merciful cover of darkness, together with five young men with whom I had lived and preached for some time, I made my way toward the plains below. Often I had slept in a bed roll with one of these dear friends. That night, as we walked on our way, the moon flooded across the sky commencing its downward march, while overhead the stars glimmered brightly.

Just as the morning sun edged above the peaks of the distant mountains, flooding the plain with bright warm

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light, the weird drone of planes reached our ears. Together we raced towards the first building at the outskirts of a village just a short distance ahead. We had no sooner gained cover under its roof than the planes began releasing their demolition bombs. I had found shelter beneath a table and had no sooner sat down than a bomb struck the building. As the bomb exploded, the thick clay walls began to cave in. The concussion lifted me and threw me up against the toppling walls. It seemed as if every bone in my body would be crushed to pulp. Many people are killed by concussion alone. The vacuum following the explosion sucks all the air from their lungs, thus causing them to collapse. That bomb explosion blew my five fellow-workers to bits, and the concussion lifted portions of their bodies, flinging them under the table beside me. For five hours I lay covered with bits of the bodies of my five companions. When the debris was pulled away, and I climbed out, I was covered with the blood of these men whom I had loved so dearly. With breaking heart I was obliged to turn my back on that wrecked building that acted as a grave for five splendid, unselfish men whose whole-hearted service for Christ and radiant Christian personalities had so endeared them to me. I count it a privilege to have been permitted their fellowship, and to have been a fellow-laborer with such true servants of God.

Later that morning I caught up with about forty poor refugees as they staggered along the narrow path leading from the mountains. They were a motley crowd as they sought to leave the mountains in the background. My attention was drawn to one man who stumbled along with a pack on his back, while his right hand held the hand of a child of about fourteen years of age. Making my way to his side, I removed the weight from his shoulder, and by helping him carry his load, won his confidence. Soon he told me the story. Only three nights before, his home city

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of Kiukiang had been severely bombed. His home had been blown to bits. At the same time his wife, children, and grandparents had been killed. Only he and this one young girl had escaped the fury of the attack.

As we walked along, I told him of losing my five companions, but that they had gone to be with the Lord whom they had served. Raising my voice, I spoke so that our fellow travelers could hear me; I pleaded with this man and the others to meet the "Lamb of God." Very soon well-tuned ears recognized the rumble of planes. I urged the pitiful party to scatter and hide in the rice paddies, but these poor broken people were so much in the grip of fear that they stood helplessly, waiting on one another to make a move. When one man moved toward the side of the road, the whole mob followed him. Then he would rush back, and they would follow him back. Just as the planes dived down and straightened out, I ran and fell on my face in the muddy water. Machine gun bullets spattered about like hail. I could hear bullets sink into the water around me, and in a matter of seconds, the planes had flown on their way leaving a horrible sight. Blood was running freely from the many corpses now scattered on the road. No more than five out of the pitiable party of about forty were able to gain their feet and move further on their way. As I moved toward the form of my latest friend, blood flowed thick and red from a wound in his scalp. Without kneeling down, I knew he was dead. Only a few yards away lay the crumpled form of his child. Her blue clothes were stained with blood. Kneeling beside her, as she lay there unconscious, I found that the lower part of her body was badly injured.

Two days later I reached a city where I had often preached the Gospel in a chapel on one of its main streets. The city had been evacuated since the enemy was expected to occupy in a short time. Only a spattering of people had

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remained behind. Walking through the empty chapel, I walked towards a little room at the back. Pushing through the open door I paused just inside the entrance to adjust my eyes to the dim interior. Once my eyes were accustomed to the light, I saw the dear old saint for whom I was looking as she knelt by her chair enjoying sweet communion with the heavenly household. For some time we prayed together to the God whom we loved and rejoiced to serve. She told me the refugees had left the building, but since she was over eighty years of age, she had no desire to evacuate her city so, having committed her future into the hands of God, she was content to await the arrival of the enemy.

After an hour of refreshing fellowship with this aged saint, I made my way towards the street. As I left the entrance to the chapel, I noticed four men in the building directly opposite. They sat around a table playing mahjong. Giving them no further thought I walked down the street. Before gaining more than a hundred yards, I stopped suddenly as I heard the sound of plane engines. This city was so close to their base that no signal could be given before the planes swooped down to attack. The roar was terrific as they flew at an amazingly low altitude releasing small demolition bombs all along their path. Standing against the front of a building, I waited while the bombs continued to fall. As they fell and exploded, I wished I were anywhere else. Small bombs fell surprisingly close, and the explosions shook the building against which I stood. One fell so close that the concussion caused me to sway. The buildings around clattered to the ground. Several pieces of flying shrapnel from an exploding bomb crashed into the wall beside me filling my eyes with clay dust. In a few minutes the bombers had gone.

Returning to the street chapel I discovered a mass of ruins. A bomb had fallen on the main building. Climbing over the wreckage, I expected to find the remains of

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the old saint whom I had left only a few minutes before, but to my great joy, as I pushed through the broken door of her little room, I found her still on her knees, praising God for His protecting care. Looking toward the building opposite where the four men had sat gambling, I could see only bits of bodies. A direct hit had fallen on the small building, and these men, without God, had been blown into a lost eternity.

Conscious of the awful bloodshed in China, faced with the naked truth that millions upon millions of her people have left this scene of time without once hearing the message of the Gospel, we who have heard His Gospel throughout our lives should feel ashamed if we have not yet received Christ and continue to neglect God's free gift of salvation. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" What a terrible thing to trample underfoot the precious blood shed on Calvary!

I have had people ask me, "Why speak so much about the blood?" Dear friend, the Bible makes much of the blood. The word "blood" occurs 427 times in the Word of God; in fact, I know of no other subject more fully dealt with than the blood. Yes, the Lord Jesus speaks of it, and Peter tells us the blood of Jesus Christ is precious: "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ." I speak of it because I have proved its cleansing power. When Bishop Ryle addressed his clergy in his last charge he made this observation: "Make much of the blood, brethren, make much of the blood." God in His marvelous grace has given me the privilege of dealing with dying men and women after heavy bombings and while retreating from bloody battlefronts. Beloved, the only message that can bring peace to a dying soul is the message of Calvary. Let me emphasize: the only thing that can stain a soul is sin, and the only thing that can cleanse a blackened soul is the

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blood of the Lord Jesus. "Without shedding of blood is no remission"; He has "washed us from our sins in his own blood"; "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." If this is not good news to a sin-sick soul, then I do not know what is.

You might want to ask me, "What do you mean by it?" We read in God's Word, "The blood is the life thereof" and so the blood is in a real sense the symbol of the life of the Lord Jesus. You might ask, "Why not use the word 'life' and not the word 'blood'?" For this reason. The word "life" does not express all that the word "blood" does. The blood is the symbol of the life of the Lord Jesus in two aspects of it. It is the symbol of that life laid down to atone for sin. It is also a symbol of that life taken up again for our "sanctification." All the atoning merit is in the life laid down, and all the cleansing power is in the life taken up again. And so, as Paul teaches clearly in Romans 5, we are saved because of Christ's death—and, we are safe by His life. "There is power, power, wonder working power, in the precious Blood of the Lamb." Just as the high priest of old entered once a year into the most holy place with the sacrificial blood and presented it to God, so Jesus Christ, our great High Priest, has entered into heaven with His own blood and through the Eternal Spirit has offered that blood to God the Father, and that blood has been accepted by God for the remission of our sins.

Jesus is pleading that blood today—and that blood itself is pleading. It is speaking on our behalf in heaven. This is the ground of the believer's hope: the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. The blood of Jesus Christ is "sinless blood," it is "divine blood," it is "covenant blood" and thank God it is "glorified blood." Have you claimed your part in it? Have you accepted the forgiveness that His blood has purchased for you? I beseech you in Christ's stead, be reconciled to God if, up to this moment, you have never been

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so. Look away to Jesus and in a moment God will honor his Word and the light of heaven will flood your soul. God will do in a moment that which will be a miracle forever. "What shall I render unto the Lord in return for His love in bearing my sin in His own body on the tree?" In the light of God's goodness to me a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, "I will take the cup of salvation." The deepest ingratitude of which mortal man can be guilty is to reject God's free gift. Beloved, accept salvation now, from His nail-pierced hand.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

May these words be yours:

I need no other argument,
I want no other plea:
It is enough that Jesus died—
And that He died for me.

Do not forget the farmer mentioned in Scripture who was mightily blessed with prosperity. The crops were coming in rapidly—so rapidly that he had no room to store them. But he had vast plans for enlarging his buildings. Alas, an unexpected Visitor stood before him, even before the new barns were completed, even as he was saying to his soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"

Then God smote him and that big farmer fell, and the thud on the floor brought the household running, and they found that his soul was gone—a shelter for his corn, and his dog and his crops, but none for his soul! God wrote that man's epitaph when He said, "Thou fool"—clever and successful and boastful—but "thou fool." Very soon

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the young sun kissed the world into verdure and shining beauty. The birds sang in his bushes, and the cattle grazed over his pastureland—but the farmer was gone.

Ah, respond to the invitation of the Man of Calvary—do not risk your soul for all eternity!

Jesus for your choice is waiting,
Tarry not, at once decide,
While the Spirit now is striving,
Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.

Come, oh, come, while Christ is pleading,
Oh, what love His tones convey;
Will you slight His proffered mercy,
Will you longer from Him stray?

One afternoon while driving along a stretch of the French Indo-China Road before it joins the Burma Road, I stopped the car in order to fill the radiator with water. When I was about to continue on my way, a sickly member of the great civilian army of poor refugees pleaded with me to take him with me in the truck. Having experienced the cruelties of exposure to the elements, I was moved by sympathy for this poor staggering wreck of humanity. His pale, wrinkled face lit up when I consented readily, and for a time after he was seated alongside me, sincere thanks uttered with difficulty poured from those dry, cracked lips.

After listening to his story, I sought to introduce him to "the man of sorrows—acquainted with grief." My companion told me that he was a Mohammedan, and that he had never before spoken to a believer in the Lord Jesus. Thus driving along slowly, dodging the many holes in the deeply rutted road, I told him the old, old story of the Cross. To my surprise he would occasionally interrupt me with a question, which made me believe that he, a dying Moslem, was interested in the true story of Calvary. The truck was slowly climbing up the steep incline and I was speaking to my listener, when I noticed his frame shudder, then slide forward. Applying the brakes quickly, I put my arms

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around him, pushing his shoulders back before his head struck the glass windshield of the truck, and as I held him the mask of death was spreading over his features; the pupils of his eyes had rolled back and his pale face slowly turned gray. I was holding a corpse! His soul had fled—where?

It was several hours until dark, and since the presence of travelers along the road made it impossible for me to drag the corpse out of the truck without attracting attention, I had to be content with the companionship of death. This is a true parallel of the state of many believers today—satisfied to travel with death—satisfied to journey towards heaven, while millions of Moslems exist in a living death, cheated of the opportunity of hearing the message of Life. Remember, Christian, an unevangelized world is evidence of the lack of love for the heathen in the individual heart and on the part of the Church of God which is made up of those individuals.

The hours seemed very long indeed as I drove along that country road winding and rising around the flanks of the mountains. At times a sudden jolt would cause the corpse to shift its position and I was obliged to arrange it properly before driving through one of China's largest provincial capitals. It was dark by the time I had reached its outskirts, so once clear of the city I stopped and, being assured that no one was near, lifted the corpse and, as carefully as possible, deposited it by the roadside. Had anyone happened to pass at that moment, he would have been justified in believing that the foreigner had killed a Chinese. Thus I was obliged to wait until the cover of darkness before removing the remains of my passenger.

As God entrusts us with the great task of extending His kingdom in and around China, we carry a great burden for the millions of Mohammedans or Moslems in the grip of sin and moral corruption.

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Islam is the mightiest of all the non-Christian religions, and it is the only one besides Christianity which can boast of a world empire of hearts held fast in its grasp. Its rapid spread proves that it is a great missionary religion aiming at nothing short of world conquest.

Out of China's vast population comprised of the four great religions, Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism and Mohammedanism, no section or peoples have been so neglected as the Moslems. This is due chiefly to the fact that few Mohammedans have been willing to accept Christ as Saviour, since the cost would probably mean the loss of the last drop of their blood for Christ's sake. Since this is so, many who sought to work among them have become discouraged and the result has been that very few missionaries or Chinese Christians have recognized the Moslem challenge to the extent of blazing out for God among them in spite of the tremendous barriers.

However, today many seemingly impassable barriers to the Moslem world are being broken down. The old reproach which Islam laid at our door was that the Mohammedans had defeated the Christian religion when they trampled down the Cross and destroyed the Christian churches in the days of long ago. But today the Gospel is triumphing. To a great extent the tables have turned, and it is estimated that in four-fifths of the Moslem world the door is opening. We stand on the threshold of a new era, and if we rise to our great task the Mohammedans shall have the Gospel preached unto them.

This change has been effected by these: the penetration of Christians; the dethronement of the Caliph; new political influences; the adoption of western ideas; the passing of a law against polygamy; the education of women and their consequent rise in status; the move towards the abolition of child marriages. Each of these has contributed towards opening sealed doors in Moslem lands.

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In days past wherever any effort was made to reach the Moslems, the great problem was to induce the proudest man on earth, the Mohammedan, to accept the message he rejected from the foreigners, a people he despised. Thus the door was closed. Only a few in isolated places at the cost of their life's blood, denounced their religion and professed Christ as Saviour. The China Native Evangelistic Crusade, using a trained native ministry, works at great advantage since Chinese Mohammedans have become merged in the Chinese population, and our students, band workers, evangelists and pastors continually contact them as they seek to make Christ known. In work among the Moslems, the native Christians are more acceptable.

It is said that nowhere in the world are the Mohammedans more accessible than they are in China, and I can easily believe this. I have listened while able native workers, with hearts full of love and faith, sought to point out many defects in the teaching of the Koran, the Moslem Bible; its many historical errors; its superstitions; its fables; how it perpetuates slavery, polygamy, divorce, seclusion and degradation of women; and how it belittles the supreme question of salvation from sin and offers no doctrine of redemption by sacrifice.

Recently I received word from a friend back in Kansu Province who told of the conversion of a dear Moslem. He was forced to choose between denouncing his new-found Lord and Saviour or death at the hands of his Moslem friends. He made known his decision by requesting public baptism in the river. Hundreds gathered to witness the scene of his public testimony. Having followed his Lord through the waters of baptism, he stood on the banks of the river and sang, "Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him all the way." The following week he left this valley of sorrows and went to be with his blessed Lord. For him it meant death.

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True, the physical difficulties are many, but the Moslems are very much included in our program as a mission. I plead with you to pray the prayer of faith on behalf of our dear native workers as they go out from our Bible Schools and contact these Mohammedans. If the Cross of Christ means anything in the lives of Christian men and women, then the Moslem challenge must be met. Listen to that still small voice. "God so loved the world." "Other sheep I have." "He is not willing that any should perish." "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." "Is there anything too hard for God?" "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." We must not shirk our responsibility. This task demands men and women of prayer; men and women who will guard the purity of the Church as they live in the presence and prove the power of their risen, victorious Lord; men and women filled with a passionate love for even a Moslem world.

Just such a man was Andrew Yang, one of our native Chinese workers, who was, himself, a converted Mohammedan, thus well equipped to work among his own people. Andrew had graduated from Wheaton College, Illinois, and was eagerly anticipating his return to his beloved country, and as I pen these words all of his relatives are staunch Mohammedans in need of salvation. For several months, in spite of illness, Andrew Yang poured out his life here in America as he engaged in deputation work. Many C.N.E.C. friends who met and loved this choice servant of God will testify that Andrew so presented the Lord Jesus who had saved him from heathenism that he, the highly gifted servant, was eclipsed by the Saviour whom he served. Although he pleaded with breaking heart for interest in the many millions of Moslems on their way to a lost eternity, and even though dark China's need was desperate, an all-loving and -wise God was pleased to promote Andrew to service above. While returning from meetings in Oregon, we suffered an ac-

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cident and God's precious child was taken home to glory. However, some days earlier, at my request, Andrew had written the following regarding the Moslems:

"Of the 250,000,000 Moslem population in the whole world China has 70,000,000. The followers of the Prophet are scattered in all parts of the country. The provinces of Sinkiang and Kansu are almost exclusively Mohammedan. Various efforts have been made in the evangelization of these Jew-like gentiles but results have been meager. Individual missionaries have spent decades among them and have never won a single convert. Possessing a partial heritage of Semitic traditions, these seekers of Allah are by no means devoid of the knowledge of Christianity. They learn from their fathers and grandfathers many Old and New Testament records such as are incorporated in the words of the Koran. They interpret the Christian Bible in their own terms and with a corrective attitude. Missionaries equipped with only the knowledge of the Gospel and not that of the Mohammedan background come far from being successful. It is not uncommon that the conversation between a Gospel minister and a Moslem develops into an endless argument.

"The average Mohammedan knows his creed, observes seasonal religious rites and worships at least once weekly. He is proud of his religion and is ready to die for it. He, in fact, is told that whosoever sacrifices his life for Allah enters into heaven without judgment. He hates every kind of religious appeal other than his own and is far from willing to tolerate non-Mohammedan elements in his community. Riots occur in the above-mentioned border provinces frequently for religious reasons only.

"There are no sects—no denominations—in Mohammedanism. It has always been homogeneous. It is slow and reluctant in proselyting. Rather it perpetuates by its own populace. It has grown and multiplied until today the domed mosques are seen in every sizable city of that an-

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cient country. During these days when the hearts of the Chinese are tender and China's door is open wide, when we find numerous converts from other faiths in that great land, we still find very few who have turned aside from Islam. This situation constitutes the greatest challenge to the cause of Christ."

The following are a few underlying principles that Andrew Yang has construed to be the cause of the difficulty in evangelizing the Moslem, and a reminder of our commission, followed by his own testimony:

"*Philosophical Analysis:* Mohammedanism is a system of rationalization of the monotheistic doctrine of the Trinity. Unable to comprehend the truth of the Triune God, Mohammed places Christ on the creature level and designates Him as one of the prophets. His virgin birth, His miracles, and even His crucifixion are admitted—but not His death and resurrection; thus His blood atonement is, in a subtle way, explained away. This is nothing new for we find, early in the third century, Arius' origination of the doctrine that God created the Holy Spirit and the Holy Spirit created Christ. Mohammed's theory is but a continuation of that thought, with one other theory: the entire exclusion of Christ's deity. He, therefore, combines the Hebrew and Christian ideas, as well as the Old and New Testament traditions—plus his own innovations—and claims that there is only one divine revelation, but many interpretations. He, of course, believes the one legitimate interpretation among the many, to be his own. Thus the natural conclusion for the Mohammedan is that Mohammedanism is new, advanced, truthful and superior.

"*Religious Piety:* The Mohammedan worship fascinates the human soul. Its mystic atmosphere calls forth a consciousness of the presence of God. Its solemnity renders fear and trembling of the heart. Its reverence ensures a feeling of purity, holiness and exaltation. It is

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preceded by a systematic and thorough process of bodily cleansing accompanied by devout prayers. At the chanting call of the leading priest, the worshippers follow in solemn steps into the pewless, benchless hall with no shoes on their feet, for the place they stand upon is holy ground. Silence presides over all. Only the faint chanting of the leading priest grows more distant as his person draws nigh the inner sanctuary. The entire congregation hearkens to each of those charming, celestial-like syllables and follows accordingly. It bows, it stoops, it prostrates itself and repeats the same performances again and again, in one rhythm and with ready precision. Any erroneous movement, any straying of mind, will call for voluntary retreat of the individual responsible, because his worship is defiled. Should any other person happen to notice the unbecoming act, that person's worship is also defiled and he, too has to depart from the assembly. The dim candle lights, the stained glass windows, the strange aroma of burning aloes, the unity of heart and mind and purpose—all suggest that the world with all its repugnance has disappeared and is gone. There remains only a sense of holy bliss intermingled with reverent awe. A faithful Mohammedan worships five times each day. Having acquired a taste of such mystic beauty, he disdains any other religion. Only the Lord Christ Himself can attract him from this dogmatic error.

"While the satisfaction of a Christian's life is in the assurance of salvation from sin into everlasting life, that of a Mohammedan's is in his lack of assurance. God is always so near, yet so far. Although unapproachable, He is there. The believer's life is a perpetual pursuit of the unseen, holy, just, Almighty One with a heart and mind of penitence and submission. The believer finds immeasurably sacred jubilancy in his personal endeavor toward this infinite end. His merits are five: reading of the Koran, worshipping, annual fasting, almsgiving and the pilgrimage to Mecca. The

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faithful and perfect achievement of these entitles him to entry into Paradise without judgment.

"*Traditional Observances:* Mohammedan traditions are largely and primarily Jewish in origin. Feasts like the Passover and ceremonies of weddings and funerals are similarly observed. Meat and poultry are koshered. Only the things declared clean by the book of Leviticus are to be eaten. Pork is especially abhorred. For this reason, only the Mohammedans are considered to be pure and thus privileged to have access to God. The rest of the people on the whole earth are looked upon as unclean and adulterated. Intermarriage between Mohammedans and non-Mohammedans is abominable. The same cup is not to be drunk from by both and the twain must not sleep in one bed.

"The ordinary Mohammedan is proud of his Arabic beard and guards his turban or his Turkish cap with sacred vigilance. He recites his creed, greets his fellow believers and, at random, carries on a conversation in Arabic. He is not quite sure as to the etymology of these foreign words which he uses, but he is sure they are sacred expressions and so are rich in meaning. These odd, extra-racial elements serve to enable him to develop a super-racial allegiance to a faith that binds the 250,000,000 in the entire world like one person.

"*The Great Commission:* Nevertheless, these staunch dogmatists are potential partakers of our Lord's vicarious death. They occupy numerous 'ends' of the earth to which the Gospel is to be preached. But 'how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent?' There are, nowadays, those who are sent to cannibals and headhunters. But how few are being sent to these truth-defying, perishing souls! Can it be that their antagonism has exhausted God's mercy and patience, or that the Lord's arm has shortened so that He cannot

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succor? In either case—no! Let us pray, therefore, to the Lord of the harvest.

"*What Christ Means to Me:* I have often been asked the question, 'Who led you to Christ?'

"My answer is, 'Many did—but Christ Himself was the one who finally succeeded.' Christ spoke to me through many, in word and deed; but I was never convinced—I would not be. I was more than a doubter; I was antagonistic—bitterly antagonistic.

"I was born among a people whose religion is God, whose belief is that there is no God but God. To them the notion of the deity of Christ is blasphemy and Christianity is pagan. What they believed I believed also; what they condemned, I, also, condemned. My heart burned within me for that unseen, inaccessible and incomprehensible God. I found joy and satisfaction in the mystic beauty of worship. I sensed purity and exaltation in aspiring to the infinitely divine attributes of the Almighty. I felt I was on holy ground and all the world around me was contaminated completely.

"Although the doctrine of atonement offered a slight appeal, for me it seemed an impossibility. I wished it could be true that such an action could have happened, thereby absolving my soul from all blame and bursting the fetters of mortality and sin, that I might appear before His holy countenance without trembling and fear to behold Him in the beauty of His glory. But it seemed a base idea to depend on the merit of another for salvation, even though that one was God Himself. It would be meaningless. It would be cheap! Therefore the testimonies of Christian believers were like child stories, unworthy of ridicule, rather to be ignored.

"But thanks to the Saviour of my soul! His thoughts are not my thoughts, nor His mind my mind. He did not 'give

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me according to my deeds and according to the wickedness of my endeavor.' Out of His amazing grace He made it possible for me to enter a mission high school in my home town, where the truth of salvation was taught and preached; where the regenerated life was lived in assurance and reality by many a missionary, teacher and student. There was an atmosphere overflowing with sunshine and spiritual warmth—something I had never experienced in my own religious life. It challenged my thoughts. It caused me to ponder this question! Truly—was there such a thing as redemption in Christ? But how could it be?

"However, the facts of Christ are living facts. Behind them is everlasting veracity. In them is the infinite power both to withstand and to demand. The more I tried to refute them, the more consistent they proved to be. The more I tried to ignore them, the more persistent they appeared. Accept them? Impossible! Reject them? Also impossible, if I were to be completely honest. Thus my soul became a battleground of unrest, carrying this struggle to the innermost depth of my being.

"Then came the day! This struggle became too severe—so severe that I could no longer withstand the Spirit which spoke to my heart. I could bear the pain no longer. I determined to make a final settlement: either to accept Christ as my Saviour or to follow my original conviction, once and for all! I cannot remember now the exact time of day nor the exact place. It seems to me that I was in one of the classrooms. Everything around sank into dead silence. I could even hear my heart beating. It was the most serious moment in all my life. I reasoned and reasoned and reasoned, until my mind could reason no longer. There was a hush even within myself. Then, in a moment, I sensed a voice speaking to my innermost being, saying: 'Do you still refuse to accept My dying love for you?' My lips were tight. My eyes were fixed upward. But in my heart I could resist

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Him no longer. With a broken heart I said, 'Lord, I will accept Thee.'

"Suddenly, I realized how hopeless and helpless I had been; how unworthy a sinner. Yet all my sins were forgiven Suddenly, I became conscious of a new realm of life. Suddenly, the fathomless abyss between God and me was gone. He was no longer unapproachable and obscure. In deep reverence I recognized Him as my Heavenly Father through the blood of His Son, my Saviour and Lord Jesus Christ. All antagonism was gone. All doubts and fears were gone. A deep sense of peace filled my heart.

"Since then the Lord Christ has given me a new life; He has lived in me and through me and has led me 'beside the still waters' and has quieted the tempests on life's restless sea. Since then the relationship between my Lord and me has been organic and indivisible. I can truly say with Paul: 'I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.' "

You ask, "Just what is being done today by the C.N.E.C. among the millions of Moslems in China?" Right now, we have native workers laboring in the very citadel of Mohammedanism, in Sinkiang Province. One precious worker along with her husband, called of God to Urumchi (Tihwafu), the capital of Sinkiang, reached her destination, after months and months of hard travel and so we have workers close to the very border of Russia itself. God willing; and with your prayer support, the number of workers can be multiplied again and again. Let me repeat, this phase of our work is uphill. It calls for courage, patience and a thorough knowledge of Mohammedanism and an exceptional grasp of God's Holy Word with a special endowment of spiritual power. Praise God there is a love which passeth understanding; which many waters cannot quench; which

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is stronger than death. That Calvary love expressed through the redeemed lives of such men as Tang, Wang, and Lu and their fellows in our preaching bands sent among the Moslems, will win many lost to Himself, the sinner's Saviour.

Across the path of night
Leads on the path of God;
Not where the flesh delighteth,
The feet of Jesus trod.
What though the path be lonely,
And dark and bleak and long?
Though crags and tangles cross it,
Praise God, we will go on!

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Chapter 5

ENROUTE TO SZECHWAN

At the outbreak of war in July 1937 it was deemed necessary to construct a road from Lashio in Burma to the Yunnan capital of Kunming in China, a distance of some three hundred and sixty miles by air. Before the end of 1937 the gigantic job was begun and before the end of the following year it was possible to travel from Rangoon over the Burma Road all the way to distant Chungking. The unpredictable Mehong and Salween Rivers had to be bridged, mountains seven thousand feet high frowned their challenge, deep gorges and steep ravines were considerations, but the stout-hearted people who refused to bargain with defeatism rallied to the task with picks, shovels, wheelbarrows, baskets and poles. Literally hundreds of thousands of common people, not considering the dangers, swarmed the mountains, jungles and plains and, to the embarrassment of Occidental engineers, who said it could not be done in less than three to four years, did the seemingly impossible. Thousands died in accidents along the precipitous slopes, and many perished from jungle fever; they worked without adequate tools and they watered the road with their sweat and blood. In sixteen months' time they had amazed the world—completing a distance of seven hundred and twenty-six miles. An American engineer after traveling this historic stretch of road exclaimed, "They scratched these roads out of the mountains with their finger nails." Had not their ancestors, two thousand years before, built the Great Wall of China? They, by force!—these, willingly!

The Central Government had only commenced its great task of road construction in 1933, and exactly one year before the outbreak of war, amazing feats had been accom-

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plished. Many long scars stretched from city to city, the evidence of real progress toward a network of motor roads. That year, 1936, China had approximately 69,000 miles of highway. This, of course, included the highly developed Manchuria Road. Over and above this mileage other provincial roads were under construction.

Of noted importance was the French Indo-China road—not so well known to the outside world as the Burma Road, but before its usefulness was ended by the occupation of Indo-China by the enemy, quantities of valuable material rolled over this highway into China. It joins the Burma Road in Kweichow, on that last remarkable stretch through Kweichow and Szechwan Provinces to Chungking.

Time can never blot out the memories of that trip from Haiphong to Chungking. For several days heavy rains made travel most disagreeable. Often the axle of the car was held fast in thick mud, while at other times the slippery surfaces caused the heavy truck to slide to a standstill within a matter of inches from the precipitous side of the mountain. My clothes have often been soaked with honest sweat, while at times the possibility of dropping off into space has brought sweat oozing from my pores. I was caught a number of times in thick clouds while passing over high ranges, and thank God for the presence of Pastor Wong who would walk in front of the truck and guide me foot by foot along narrow stretches and around treacherous bends.

As the days passed, my brakes suffered from constant usage, and when some bends were so sharp that they demanded three attempts before the long truck could continue on its way, we had to resort to the use of a large boulder which my passenger carried for the purpose. At the crucial moment he would drop this large stone in front of a wheel and bring the vehicle to a sudden and imperative halt.

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However, my most miserable hours were spent trying to combat sleep while driving through fog and clouds. The narrowness of the road and the danger of colliding with an oncoming truck necessitated my driving to a suitable stopping place. Sleep tried desperately to overcome me, and several times I managed to pull myself out of a doze just in time to jerk the car away from the side of the road. What is more terrible than this overwhelming sensation of much-needed sleep? I bit my lips until the blood came, squeezed my cheek, blinked my eyes, slapped my forehead, kicked my shins, shook my head vigorously, and even bumped the back of it against the seat. Every yard was torture.

On rare occasions we had the bad fortune of spending the night near the delta of a river, a swamp, or stagnant pools where mosquito larvae were hatched in countless millions. All night long these buzzing insects, using guerrilla tactics to their best advantage, would swoop down upon us and feast on our lifeblood. After sunrise these pernicious insects remain in the cool wet grasses and undergrowth and dark corners for, like vampires, they do not belong to the light and warmth of sunshine. They buzz about with a dogged persistence in the cool and dark of the night. All attempts to end their blood-thirsty careers usually end in a sore cheek or aching ear, and the cruel satisfaction of having yourself to blame for self-inflicted punishment.

Often, after hard days, I have discovered that there is such a thing as being too tired to sleep. Lying on my straw at the back of the truck, I have watched the stars pale and die. At a distance from the truck a dog would complain about the cold and loneliness. Raising his nose toward the heavens, he would give a long, discordant account of the state of the world as it appeared to him. I have watched the east kindle, the gray steal away as if by magic, and have

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climbed over the side of the truck to the ground to begin another day as the surrounding hills and trees slowly took shape. At times I have thoroughly enjoyed sitting on a boulder high up in the mountains drinking in the grandeur and beauty of such scenes. Far below, barely visible, is the home where I had stopped for a scanty meal of rice and vegetables. I would often take some time before I could absorb a lasting mental picture of the majestic panorama. West China's scenery is superb. Indeed, words can never describe it. Looking upon this majestic beauty, I have exclaimed for joy, marveling at God's mighty handiwork.

While driving through Kwangsi Province, I was amazed to see so many women in the fields, and the notable absence of young men. The few men seen were elderly. Stopping for a passport examination upon entering a city, I conversed with one old gentleman and discovered that all seven of his boys were in the army. Kwangsi was contributing liberally towards the war effort. Most of her young men had left the fields to fight for their families and country.

As we drove through the mountains in Kweichow, we passed many tribal villages. When obliged to stop on a mountaintop in order to change a front spring, I came in close contact with China's aboriginal peoples. We endured a meal in one of their miserable hamlets, and my heart went out to these dear people. As they stood about, I was surprised at the sight of so many goitered men, women and children among them. That night I walked down the road between the bisected halves of their village. On one side were dirty thatched huts; on the other, open shops poorly lighted with clay dishes of oil which held floating wicks. These flickering flames could hardly pierce the mixed fumes of frying roots and steaming humanity. I could not understand one word of their language, but they appeared to me to be a most inoffensive, obliging, happy-go-lucky people.

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The following morning some of the more prosperous of them were gaily attired as they rode on mud-colored buffaloes which they guided easily by means of long cords passed through nose rings. Some of them lived unconcernedly with huge rocks overhanging their flimsy homes. It looked as though one gentle shake would bury them in an avalanche of rock. Anywhere else steps would have been taken to change their location so that their lives would have been more secure, but these lovable people seemed to live in utter indifference.

I enjoyed Kweichow with its rugged mountain country and its picturesque tribal villages dotting the mountain slopes in every direction. Most reliable sources state that there are over fifteen million tribespeople scattered throughout China, and about one hundred fifty different tribes, although some, of course, are interrelated. Yet, alas, millions of these laughter-loving, music-loving people of the hills have never once had an opportunity to hear that blessed Name which is above every name—the Name of Jesus. Surely these precious tribespeople also present a tremendous challenge.

In the far-distant past these many tribes of aborigines peopled large parts of Central China's rich, fertile plains. In those bygone days, acording to legendary history, they were strong nations ruled by kings. It is believed that as early as four thousand years ago, they were obliged to migrate westward and southward, forced back by the stronger and more virulent forces of Chinese who had wedged their way into Central China from the north. Thus, deprived of their rights and privileges, the original peoples of China finally found shelter in the more inaccessible recesses of the hills where their descendants now live.

They are divided into a number of different racial groups. The Miao have definite Mongoloid facial characteristics. The Nosu, Lisu, and Kado are without doubt of Tibet-Bur-

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mese origin, while other tribes, such as the Chiang of Szechwan and the Shan of Yunnan, are each a distinct race and each has its own distinctive dress so that you need never confuse them. With the great mass of China's unevangelized population presenting its challenge, these remain, on the whole, practically unreached. It is true that, of recent years, some attention has been given to these needy people, but such tribes as the Wa, Piwo, Lite, Mowi, Tilu, Peh-wi, Hong-yi, Heh-yi, Man-tze, Palaungs, and many, many others are fast-held in the grip of sin and heathen superstition and are entirely ignorant of that Power which alone can deliver.

The Chinese consider the aborigines inferior to themselves. On the other hand, the tribespeople consider themselves wronged, but not vanquished, and none-the-less important as a real part of China. In temperament they are usually frank and open, but more genial and friendly than their Chinese neighbors around the foothills. Immorality has degraded many to the very lowest depths of pagan existence while strong drink is their greatest weakness. They are animistic in religion, worshipping the spirits in nature rather than idols.

Work among these primitive peoples in their remote mountain villages is not an easy task. Any profitable work demands your living as they live in their poor homes, with poor ventilation, thick smoke, peculiar unattractive food; including dried and cooked roots. *Thank God, today we have preaching bands living and laboring among these very tribespeople, in this same Province of Kweichow. Already great numbers have accepted God's gift, and are rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven.*

Then why not open our Bible school doors to Christian tribespeople? Two objections are presented—race distinctions and language difficulties. It is perfectly true that the average Chinese is very slow about mixing with these de-

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spised tribespeople, but Spirit-filled Chinese would gladly welcome fellow students from among the tribes. Men with a love for souls and a vision of this world's need cannot be ruled by petty prejudices. We cannot class God's called and chosen ones as ordinary. Then, the language difficulty does not really create such an obstacle since authorities tell me that the majority of Christian tribespeople understand Chinese, and they, in turn, if properly equipped, can preach to the different tribespeople in their own tribal language.

The night before I was due to arrive at Chungking, I brought the truck to a standstill at the outskirts of a large Szechwan village. Before many minutes, several men appeared, and one of the crowd offered to attend my truck during the dark hours for the matter of a few dollars while I slept in the local inn. I thanked him for his offer, but assured him my straw bed at the back of the truck would be all right. The disappointed men turned on their heels, and, using non-polite language, returned to the village street. That night while I slept, these bitter men, who had been deprived of earning a few dollars, slipped up and quietly loosened the nuts of the back wheels on the left side of the truck. Unsuspecting, I started on my way the following morning. That last stretch of the Burma Road can boast of many bends, and during the day my eager desire to reach my destination kept the truck rolling along at a good speed. Towards evening, when I was within forty kilometers of the wartime capital, the two wheels on the left side of the truck separated from the axle. The weight of my load shifted as the back end on that side dropped towards the road. The weight of the car rested on the bare axle pulling the heavy vehicle into the cliff side. What a miraculous deliverance! The truck came to a standstill against the rock wall. Had they loosened the nuts on the right side, the truck would have fallen to a river bed hundreds of feet below, resulting in sudden death for my com-

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panion and myself. Having viewed dozens of wrecked trucks along the way, I could easily visualize the appearance of the remains of my beloved truck, had the hand of God been withheld from us. After I had waited two days by the roadside in a very isolated spot, men appeared and the truck was repaired. Then I put my foot down once again on the old clutch and, slipping my truck into first gear, commenced the final stage of this trying yet by no means monotonous journey.

As we cross the last ferry, the great city ahead of us is in complete darkness. No one is standing on the bank to welcome a stranger. The riverside is deserted. In response to a warning signal people are hiding in fear of a bombing, while high in the sky, the moon, like a traitor, lights up the surrounding countryside. But praise God, there is no place in my heart for doubt or discouragement. I am content to trust the One whom I have never known to fail; the One who is adequate for every situation; the One and only One who is dependable and reliable and who will never fail anyone who fully trusts in Him.

The following morning found me sitting by the window in a small room overlooking the Yangtze River. Off in the distance a small bronze bell was ringing. It belonged to a Buddhist priest. Squatting on a little wooden stool all day long in the sun or rain he maintains this austere position, his meditations punctuated only by the ringing of the bell, by the mumbling of prayers, or the murmured invocation to his deities. And now above the soothing sound of the bell sounds the mournful drone of enemy planes. Below me the streets are clearing. Men, women, and children are hurrying towards the nearest dugout or place of shelter. In a very few minutes a great change has taken place. The recently crowded streets are now deserted, and the only sound to be heard is the drone of engines as the enemy planes approach the city. It gladdened my heart

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to know that Chungking possessed some worthwhile dug-outs. At the cost of much human blood, this suffering country learned the value of substantial shelter from bombs. Night and day workmen were busy making tunnels in the rock underneath the city, and I understand that these tunnels were being made with the future in view. Some day Chungking may be handsomely provided with a network of subways.

As I sat in that small room, the sound of the bronze bell rang out a challenge to Christianity, while the drone of planes again brought me face to face with a suffering people. In the presence of God I faced my future work in West China, and desired with the Apostle Paul to "know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings." I was conscious that for the Apostle this knowledge meant courage in the face of death; it meant deep compassion for a sin-stricken, suffering people; it also meant forgiveness in the suffering of wrong without retaliating. Thank God, I had learned to know Him well enough to trust Him with the guidance of my life. Whatever else this knowlege of Christ meant to me, I knew He would strengthen and adjust my life to His will as I sought to live in obedience to the light given me. Through me, He would fulfill His purpose—not for my sake only but for His sake and for the millions He loved in needy China.

Lovely Szechwan, with its streams, mountains, trees, and villages made picturesque by their thin, uniformly gray slate roofs and its many farms cultivated almost to the hilltops, is the largest province in China Proper, almost completely separated from the rest of the country by a mountain barrier. On the west is Tibet, on its north is Mongolia, and far to the east, six hundred miles away, is the sea. This province with its fertile red plains and mountains fertile to the tops has fared favorably. Its plains produce two crops of cereals and four of vegetables every year. Its mountains, rich in

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mineral wealth, lie silently awaiting that day when communication will make exploitation possible. Its forests swarm with bird and animal life. There you find tigers and the lonely panda.

Szechwan villages are often larger and more thickly populated than large towns in other provinces. Its population before the war was something between sixty and seventy million, but today, because of the great influx from other provinces, its population has greatly increased. Hamlets became large villages, and its villages become large towns overnight. Although opium growth has been greatly restricted, yet one can see an occasional poppy field along the way. Because of opium smoking, in and around Chungtu, the Provincial Capital, many of the coolies and country people are noticeably stupid, as they stand in a dazed condition looking at motor vehicles. Many of the shops do not open their doors until late in the day because their owners have smoked late and overmuch the previous night.

Szechwan is famed for its network of waterways. It is interesting to note that it is this extraordinary efficiency of the Chinese in matters of water drainage and canalization which, together with the Chinese hieroglyphics, originated the theory of their kinship to the oldest civilization known —the Chaldean. It is also interesting to note that we adapted from the Chinese in far West China the rhubarb, native of this province of Szechwan, Kansu, and Tibet. In 1750 seeds were brought by a Russian caravan to the West. Three precious parcels of these seeds were sent as valuable gifts by the government of Russia to the botanical societies of England, Scotland, and Germany. In this province the rural Chinese still use the lunar calendar.

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Chapter 6

CHUNGKING ABLAZE!

Chungking in Szechwan Province when approached by way of the Burma Road or by steamer up the Yangtze River is a truly impressive city, built as it is upon a rockbound promontory which rises steeply from the beds of the Yangtze and Kialing Rivers. On the far side of both rivers the land climbs higher and higher, while the city stretches back over the gradually widening strip of land from the point where the Kialing pours into the Yangtze.

Chungking is a unique mixture of old and new. Along its overcrowded streets run ricksha coolies pulling jinrickshas. A coolie usually wears a straw hat shaped like an inverted wash pan, a vest, and a pair of knee-length indigo-blue cotton pants. The upper body, arms, and legs are nearly always naked, glistening with perspiration in the hot sun. The running jinricksha man, with muscles playing beautifully, is a marvel of human endurance, and a striking study in human anatomy. In spite of a heavy load of two passengers, or only one and his luggage, the coolie will trot along at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, running with only brief breathing spaces from sunup until long after dark. When you consider his tremendous daily physical effort, you wonder how he keeps fit on his meager ration of rice and vegetables. These swearing ricksha coolies, enraged at the invading auto and the increasing number of pedestrians, battle their way through the milling, jostling crowd. From the river level you are carried up nearly three hundred steps in a sedan chair, or a hwa-gan, by two coolies. You gaze in amazement at cluster after cluster of homes clinging precariously on bamboo stilts to the steep cliffs, and at narrow irregular ridges of rock, or bamboo poles leading from the rockside homes to the narrow street entrances

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above. You pass rows of water carriers, numerous monks, and many shouting peddlers, furniture makers, bamboo workers, brass smiths, ivory-carvers, inlayers of silver and mother-of-pearl, cutters of jade, artistic potters and grass weavers.

Before I had spent many hours in Chungking, those miserable messengers of death were again on my trail. The foggy season had passed so this overcrowded Yangtze city with its narrow streets and tindery buildings was doomed to be the main target of the Japanese Air Force.

Early in the war, while our countries stood aloof, many brave Russian and several American and British pilots offered their services to the Chinese Government. Alas, poor China, without her navy or merchant ships, could only supply these brave men with old dilapidated planes that were no match for the up-to-date planes used by the Japanese.

Often I have stood hundreds of miles away in Central China and watched brave men go up and try to cripple enemy planes, but seldom did I see them accomplish their objective. Before they had opened fire with machine gun or small cannon, their planes would come hurtling to earth from a great height, leaving in their wake a streak of flames which resembled a shooting star. Far, far too often, as was to be expected, it was one of China's ancient machines.

It was terrifying to see our men bail out of their burning planes and watch while the enemy, in many cases, followed the parachute down, trying to slash bullets into the defenseless body of the courageous pilot. Many times I held my breath as I witnessed these badly matched dog-fights, as suddenly the enemy plane would maneuver and get above the pilot in the Chinese plane. It was so plain that this pilot was up against superior speed, superior armament, superior maneuverability. The Japanese was firing, and the other was trying in vain to wriggle out of the way. From

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where I stood I could see smoke trailing from its wings. The pilot would try to level off, but like an animal with a broken back, there was no power. Then the crippled plane began corkscrewing towards the ground.

I have visited as many as ten wounded or burned pilots who came down in this manner and, although, oftentimes, I have not known a word of their language, which most often was Russian, I have understood just what they sought to convey to me by the motion of their hands and the flashing courage in their eyes.

In those early days, these brave men were forced to admit that serving this helpless China against such odds was humanly impossible. The brave civilians, in their ignorance, would attack these foreign pilots when they came sailing slowly down in their parachutes. The civilian Chinese recognized them as foreigners, and knowing that they were not Chinese, concluded they must certainly be Japanese and so would promptly hasten to overcome them with sticks or whatever was at hand. I have personally seen several Russian pilots who had been rescued by soldiers before the civilians had completed their annihilating work. However, that was before the vast country of China was acquainted with current happenings, not only within China, but in the world at large—before China's propaganda machine had been put into proper motion. In fact, it is my firm belief that this very thing provoked greater action on the part of those whose duty it was to enlighten the millions in this vast country.

Many of these friendly pilots had to pack up and leave this country of ancient culture, so unprepared for a modern war. Thus deprived of indispensable help and lacking modern armaments, China was doomed to remain an eighteenth-century army of courageous men fighting a twentieth-century enemy.

Undaunted, and almost bare-handed, the Chinese con-

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tinued their fight alone, devising their own crude and effective means of defense, living for the day when freedom-loving nations would rally to China's just cause and allying themselves with her, take up the fight against the cruel aggressor. China's valiant struggle will surely live among the most heroic and dramatic stories of human history.

On my arrival in West China, less than two years later, America had supplied China with several up-to-date fighter planes. What a joy it was to see Americans with a few Chinese pilots head towards the clouds soon after the first mournful alarm sounded, announcing the approach of enemy craft upon Chungking.

What a thrill it was to watch an American pilot rise at a steep angle right under the belly of the enemy, and let go with his machine guns, to see a puff of smoke, a burst of flame which quickly spread, and then to witness the clumsy enemy ship, which had grown so used to raining death down on poor innocent women and children without the slightest fear of opposition, turn on its side, break up, and drop to the earth with a tremendous explosion, caused by its unused bombs. Then how we rejoiced to watch this same pilot turn and dart with the speed and grace of a bird towards the tail of another enemy plane.

And thank God! There came a day when not merely a few pilots, but many of our boys made up for lost time over China's mountains, plains, and waterways, while Japan itself was showered with bombs from Allied planes.

During the early part of May 1939, the enemy bombers began visiting China's wartime capital. This great city was more than overcrowded. People teemed along its streets, and every available space was utilized to the greatest advantage.

One noon upon leaving one of the government offices in the city, I had no sooner reached the street than the dismal sound of a siren warned of the approach of enemy planes.

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The already crowded streets grew noticeably more crowded as people flocked from homes and shops. It was not worth while trying to struggle against the tide of humanity that held me fast in its grip so I allowed myself to be carried along with the stream. As the minutes passed, the struggling people fell under the sway of a horrible fear that dominates defenseless men and women when exposed to certain death. For twenty minutes I struggled to keep my feet and hold my own as the crowds pressed in from every side. Then, as I passed the main entrance of the Central Bank of China, to my great joy, my eyes feasted on the figure of a tall, strong American sailor. At that moment he saw me, and with a cheery smile shouted, "Pal, are you going my way?"

"I'd sure like to!" was my reply. Then with the greatest of ease he shouldered his way through the thickly packed crowd, and in less than no time had hold of my arm as together we moved with the milling throng toward the Yangtze River. Never was I more glad to see an American sailor than I was that day.

From the street to the water level there is a very steep drop which is descended by means of a winding stairway. The side near the bank is solid rock or hard clay, but the other side is open without even a hand rail, so as the thousands of people pressed from behind, while others descending were obliged to slow their pace owing to the narrowness of the stone steps that laced their way up from the river bed, the less fortunate who happened to be near the open side were forced over the edge of the steps and they fell on the crowd below. Many old people shared the fate of the young as they were crushed under foot.

My friend from an American gunboat lifted two children easily to his shoulders and carried them towards the river level. I managed to struggle along with a light child clinging desperately to my neck. When the crowd would force me close to the unprotected side of the descent, my good

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friend would pull me along with him, and in this way he convoyed me and my load safely to the bottom.

We had no sooner reached the river bed than the roar of engines announced the close approach of the planes. Soldiers tried desperately to force the people into shelter under the flimsy bamboo roofs of huts erected near the water's edge. They thrust out savagely with their bayonets, which helped scare the already frightened mob into action. Some of these soldiers approached my friend and me and ordered us under cover. We had hoped to reach the gunboat *Tutuila* anchored close to the opposite shore, less than half a mile distant, but this was impossible. The planes would soon release their bombs. Immediate action was necessary.

My friend, ignoring the warning threats of the soldiers, gripped my arm and, running to the water's edge, we flung ourselves on the stony shore. At least, we would have an excellent view of the proceedings. Lying flat on our stomachs, we watched the planes approach. Already they had begun to release their cargo. Above the drone of engines, that shrill whistling sound could be heard, which is caused by air resistance as a bomb makes its downward flight. When this terrifying sound reaches your ears, you have not long to wait before it is followed by a heavy explosion. Sound travels four times as fast as a falling bomb, and a descending bomb must be released at least one minute before it gathers enough speed to cause that objecting whistle on the part of the air. These planes were flying high enough to cause the whistling sound to last less than half a minute.

Several heavy bombs had just missed their objective which happened to be a large cement works across the river from Chungking. Then, as the planes continued on their course, which, incidentally, seemed to lead them directly over our heads, the whistling sound continued and bombs exploded as they fell into the Yangtze. Tons of water spouted into the air. Under the level of the water flames

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flashed skyward. Small boats and wooden jetties many yards away were blown to smithereens. The roar of the planes was earsplitting, but more terrible still was the sound caused by the protesting bombs as they fell towards the water.

If I ever faced death squarely it was that day as I lay by the shore of the Yangtze. My bold companion, glancing away from the planes for a moment, turned to me and said, "My God! We're for it!" Then we both turned our gaze towards approaching death. Thank God! I did not need to worry about my future nor flounder around and cry for forgiveness, but lying there, I fully expected in a few seconds to meet my Lord face to face. Somehow in spite of many miraculous deliverances, at that moment it appeared to me as if my hour had surely come. A heavy bomb struck about one hundred yards from where we lay. The air whipped around us blowing through our hair, and raising the heavy collar of my friend's uniform. Yes, we were in direct line with the falling bombs, and the next bomb would surely blow us to fragments. But, no! There was no shrill whistling sound—only the loud sound of engines. Then, after an interval of a few seconds, again that angry protest as bombs sped through the air on their downward flight. Then, loud and terrible explosions directly behind us, but more than three hundred yards away! We sat up amazed at being alive. Then the situation became quite clear. The enemy's poor timing had saved our lives. The short interval had been meant to take them across the broad river, but instead the bombardiers had erred in their calculations, and bombs meant for dry land on the far shore had fallen in the river, while their short hold-up to allow for the water had given us another lease on life.

My new friend shared my conviction that the Almighty had restrained the hands of those men in the plane crews. For a time we sat together as I told this dear man

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what Jesus Christ meant to me and pleaded with him to accept my Saviour as his own. While we sat waiting for an opportunity to talk, our ears were filled with screams, prolonged and agonizing, as dozens of bombs fell on the doomed city. Very soon great columns of black smoke settled over the face of the city as the planes left it in their wake. It spread until it covered the sky above bombed Chungking. Blacker and blacker grew the smoke. The higher it rose, the wider it spread until the whole city grew indistinct. Soft breezes carried the smell of burning wood and simmering flesh to where we sat. Tears coursed down my friend's cheeks, as God's spirit brought a realization of need to another heart—we knelt on the dry strip of Yangtze river bed as this huge man passed from death unto life.

While we awaited the arrival of a dingy that would take us to the American gunboat, a stream of victims of the recent Japanese atrocity poured down to the river bank. Before the boat reached us, a good number of wounded and fearful people were gathered where we stood. The boat had no sooner touched ground than four young fellows, pushing others rudely aside, climbed aboard. Quickly, my sailor friend cleared the side of the light craft, and, as a school boy might handle a shock of corn, he lifted one man after the other and without ceremony flung them easily over the side into the cold water. Scrambling to their feet, they wiped the water from their eyes and scrambled ashore. Without a word, my cheery friend with his broad smile helped the wounded climb into the boat. One poor man stood swaying on his feet as he mumbled something about having lost his relatives in the recent bombing. My friend lifted him in both arms and wading into the water, carried the sufferer to a comfortable seat in the stern. Then, when the boat was more than loaded, he told me to climb in and, lifting the bow, he pushed her out into deep water, and the Chinese

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boatmen rowed us across to the other side away from the smoking city.

I am wondering how many reading these words have heard the tramp of the invading army. I have not attempted to describe the pitiful condition in occupied China, but hand in hand with the ruthless invader comes sin of the deepest dye, and yet, I am sure the future of Christianity in this land of suffering is safe because its soil has been consecrated by the blood of hundreds of Christian martyrs. The only thing that can stem this tide of sin and impurity which seeks to sweep away in its tremendous flow the good accomplished in the past years is surely the faithful witness of native Christians who are fearless and determined to face all the forces of hell with a Gospel which they not only believe but have proved to be the very "power of God unto salvation."

With calm and fixed decisiveness their Christ chose the path of suffering and trod it with bleeding and willing feet. Adversity and prosperity, humiliation and exaltation always found Him resolute and loyal. He who had been anointed by the Spirit conquered by the Spirit, and these dear Chinese believers fully realize that there is no other way of victory for them than that which was His. They sincerely believe that what Jesus overcame, they can overcome. To them, He was not only a triumph of humanity, but for humanity. The way of victory for their Lord was, in every instance, absolute loyalty to God as revealed in His Word, and there is no other way for these men who are willing to live and to die for God in suffering China.

Can you hear the cry of great multitudes, millions of lost humanity groping in the dark, or are you one of those Christians who speak of China as an occupied field, using the term "occupied" to quiet your conscience regarding the millions of unevangelized Taoists, Confucianists, Moslems, and tribespeople? How grateful we are to the Apostle Paul

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because of his reaction to the midnight vision recorded in Acts 16:9. He not only heard the cry of the man of Macedonia, "Come over and help us," but he rose to the challenge. He allowed the vision to grip him. Friend, have you ever had a vision of this world in all of its need? Have you heard the cry from millions of souls "Come over and help us"? The world does not cry in so many words, but its very condition cries out for help if only we have hearts willing to listen. Oh, that we might allow God to open our eyes that we might see, and our ears that we might hear, and that we might catch a vision which would stir us to consecrated action!

Never will I forget the night when China's wartime capital suffered the heaviest bombing in its history. In a fit of wanton fury, the Japanese Air Force transformed the midtown section of the inner city of Chungking into a mad inferno of flame, in which thousands of poor civilians were annihilated. Many Japanese bombers in single rank formation roared down from the north and swept over the city, leaving a trail of incendiary and demolition bombs that marked the most merciless air raid in the history of the world.

They chose 6:20 in the evening when the city was crowded with men and women on their way home after their day's work. They deliberately selected the course of the city's main motor road and blasted great sections of boundary areas into bits. The incendiary bombs that fell on the city just before nightfall started huge fires in dozens of places, and in a mere matter of minutes seven huge conflagrations roared through the heart of the city in a swath a mile and a half wide and half a mile broad. By the time the darkness of night was full upon the city, the red glow of flames illuminated the countryside for miles around. Three sides of the American compound (located in *Dai-chia-Hang*)

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where I happened to be trapped with other foreigners were a mass of flames.

While my companions worked feverishly soaking the woodwork in the hope of preventing the flames from reaching the hospital nearby, it fell to my lot to attempt to evacuate the three women, one of whom was Mrs. Robert Brown. Leaving the compound, we found that our only means of escape was blocked by a solid mass of humanity. Men, women, and children held in the awful grip of fear were fighting one another in a vain attempt to escape the oncoming flames. They pulled one another's hair, tearing off clothes, while many a child was pulled out of its mother's arms and, with the older men and women, was trampled to death under foot.

I managed to obtain the aid of a few Chinese men and after three hard hours we had forced our way through several buildings, at last reaching the main street less than one hundred yards distant, that led down to the River Yangtze. We had no sooner reached this street than, to our horror, we heard the dreaded sound of the siren. Poor Chungking, then without its water hydrants, modern fire equipment or fire lanes, was wholly at the mercy of the flames. For miles around we could see the countryside plainly, and these messengers of death were returning with fresh loads of bombs, guided by the flames.

We fell on our faces on the hard road, and lay still until one of the women under nervous tension jumped to her feet. We followed her down to the bank of the River Yangtze. Thousands of people had gathered there hoping to escape the burning city. Soldiers were forcing boats across the treacherous river, while those boats that reached there safely were ordered back by soldiers on the other side. They were doing their utmost to evacuate as many of the civilians as possible. These thousands of people were frantic. Nerves were at the breaking point.

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As we forced our way through the midst of this half-crazed mob of people, I asked one of the soldiers if he would help me get the women across to safety. He told me it was impossible since the crowds were out of hand, but if we could wait for a few hours, then he could assure us of a safe trip.

The snows back in Tibet were melting, and the River Yangtze was rising so that the current was terrific. These poor creatures, in their attempt to escape, climbed into the boats when they were already overcrowded. Standing on the shore, we watched boat after boat as it moved out from the bank. The boatmen rowed with all their strength, but in many cases the weight was too great and the current too strong, with the result that a number of the boats were driven down in the strong current to the point where the Clialing River joins the Yangtze. Where both rivers meet there is a large whirlpool. We could see as plainly as in the day, and we could not only hear their screams, but see boat after boat sink under the surface carrying its human cargo with it.

After getting the women across safely, I returned to the city, hoping to make my way to the mission home where I was living. Horrified, I discovered the whole width of Chungking at one place was a solid wall of flame. The interiors of buildings were like huge furnaces, while wall after wall kept falling to the street. Above the cracking of the flames could be heard pitiful screams from humans trapped under the debris. In every direction lay broken bodies. Many wounded kept rolling over, gasping, and coughing. One poor woman rose to her feet, but as she tried to move forward, she fell back to lie still on the hard surface of the road. Another man, groping among a number of bodies, caught hold of his mutilated wife. He shook her violently and, shouting out her name while tears rolled

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down his face, he pleaded with her to speak with him, but all in vain.

I looked on mothers carrying dead children. One poor mother clung to the upper section of what once was her child. The sight was unusual, and even now I see the torn clothing and the raw flesh with liquid life dripping from it. On every hand lay bits of bodies, some twisted in the most peculiar shapes, and every form represented somebody's mother, father, son, brother, husband, or wife, and a soul for whom Christ died. Many climbed over the debris, blood running freely from ghastly wounds, crying out the names of those who never would answer.

As the flames closed in, I kept moving back. I noticed a poor man searching among the remains of a building that had collapsed. I could see bits of bodies, and, approaching him, I put my right arm over his shoulder and asked him the object of his search. Glancing up but for a second, he said, "I am looking for my wife." Then, even as I held him, he put down his hand, caught hold of a hand under the debris, and pulled it. The arm came away in his hand, severed from the body. I can see him now as he dangled the arm in the fire light. Then, opening three fingers of his own hand, he looked at a ring on one of the fingers of the hand he held—all that was left to identify his wife. He dropped it quickly.

The hungry flames kept following us. The heat was terrific. I was about to turn away as huge walls began to cave in nearby. At my side lay the broken form of a little girl no more than fourteen years of age. Stooping over her was a soldier. Looking toward the on-coming flames, he asked me if I would help carry the child to the hospital. Between us, we lifted her broken body and carried her towards the place where the hospital had been. To our despair, we discovered that demolition and incendiary bombs had fallen upon it. It was a mass of flames. Low-

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ering the little girl to the ground, we laid her beside the road with many others who had been carried there awaiting and hoping for medical attention.

Making my way toward the crest of Chungking, I stood on the top of a high wall. Close by was the Russian legation, while far below were hundreds of wooden buildings in flames, caused by the explosion of incendiary bombs. Trapped between the flames and the bottom of the high wall on which I stood were men, women and children. I could see the flaming buildings stretch far behind them, and yet I watched while they tried to save themselves. Some parents held children in their arms. Others grasped the hands of children as they fought backwards and forwards like trapped beasts trying in vain to escape the wall of flames that hemmed them in on three sides.

Helpless and brokenhearted, I wanted to turn away as the sweat poured from my body, but God would not let me. At last, realizing there was no possible escape, these living souls looking up in their helplessness clawed the wall and wailed. As I stood above, I looked into those faces, saw the agony, the despair, the fear, and heard that heart-rending cry, "Chiu-ming! Chiu-ming! Save life! Save life!"—and my heart bled. Here were souls crying out, "Save us! Save us!" and yet there was no way of deliverance. I stood and watched while the flames came on. They cried for salvation, for help, but none was forthcoming. They tried in vain to save themselves. They continued to claw the wall. They fought like beasts to escape their certain doom. On came the flames as they cried, "Save us! Save us!" The terrific scorching heat drove me back while every single one of them, still crying for help, was mercilessly burned to a cinder. When again I looked below all I could see was charred bones. With the stench of burning flesh in my nostrils, I fell before God on that Chungking street and cried for forgiveness. I had not merely seen these men,

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women and children. I had seen the millions of unevangelized in that dark land of China and had heard them cry, "Save us! Save us! Please come over and help us!" I also realized how selfish I had been—how little real love I had had for the dying souls about me—how little I was doing towards getting men into God's kingdom. Then I looked into that Face that was marred more than any man's, and I heard Him say, "By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat of Gethsemane, by the suffering of the Cross, I have made it possible for all mankind to be saved. I am the ransom. I took the scourging. I have worn the Crown of Thorns. They may wear the Crown of Life."

With that awful cry ringing in your ears, remember that when "God so loved the world" that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism were already in existence, and much purer than they are today. If, at that time, the world needed the story of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ's atoning death, how very much more does bleeding China, with its millions ready to be snatched as brands from the burning, need this message today?

Remember our Saviour's last words as He died on the Cross. He cried, "It is finished." Salvation was made possible for every man of every race and generation and today millions need Jesus Christ; they need Him to save them from the guilt and power of sin. They are entitled to Him, are they not? Freely you and I have received; shall we not freely give?

Alas, what a multitude of souls are lost through our neglect. In order to be a true interpreter of Jesus Christ, we must be missionaries in the true sense of the word, not necessarily someone who has crossed an ocean, but one blessed with the winning of men and women into the Kingdom. I do not base this claim on the last commission, but

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rather on every revelation of God in Jesus Christ. Probably John 3: 16 is the greatest missionary text in the Bible: "God so loved *the world,* that he gave his only begotten Son." Remember it was Pilate who wrote over His head: "This is Jesus the King of the Jews." But when John saw the vision of the Holy City upon His thigh and on His vesture there was written "King of kings and Lord of lords," and as I see Jesus crucified for a world's redemption I cannot rightly interpret the Cross until I realize that love is no limited, narrow thing—not like a trickling stream, passing between high banks of national prejudice, but rather like a mighty sea, fathomless, limitless, in which all humanity may bathe. It is because I have proven that Jesus Christ can deliver me that I know He can deliver the simplest animist among the millions of aborigines, the proudest among the millions of Mohammedans, the most cultured Taoist, Buddhist or Confucianist. He is the Saviour of *the world.*

As already stated China claims an authentic national history of four thousand years. Yet this greatest of nations numerically speaking has only had a slight sprinkling of the Gospel, and that within the last one hundred and thirty-eight years. Think of the generations, the hundreds of millions who have passed into eternity without the opportunity of hearing the story of redeeming grace! In the year 1807 Robert Morrison reached China where he lived for a time a prisoner in his own home, and at the risk of his life and the lives of the few Chinese who aided him, he made the first translation of the Chinese Bible. He toiled seven years before he baptized his first convert. Fifty years later Hudson Taylor reached China, followed by an army of God-chosen, brave, heroic pioneers, who laid a solid foundation for the evangelization of this great land. From among these missionaries are more than a few who climbed the steep ascent to heaven by a blood-stained stairway to

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God. Yet, today, in spite of one hundred and thirty odd years of witness, China, with its four hundred and fifty million people, and more, has less than half a million "born again" believers. In 61 A. D. the Chinese Emperor had a dream. As a result, he sent messengers towards the west to inquire about a religion of which he had dreamed. Had these messengers gone far enough they might have arrived in Jerusalem, but alas, they only reached India. Consequently, Buddhism was introduced to China! Zealous Buddhist missionaries sought to spread Buddhism throughout the Middle Kingdom. In the year 335 A. D., by imperial permission the Buddhists were permitted to establish a native Chinese Buddhist Priesthood. They began to train the native Chinese and send them throughout the Chinese Empire to win converts to the Buddhist faith. Buddhism spread rapidly, far and wide, north, south, east and west. Many, many millions of converts were won. Thus the Buddhists used the natives effectively to spread Buddhism.

We pay due honor to the pioneers who entered into the shadows of spiritual death in China to open and prepare its heart. But we face, realistically, the fact that the Chinese Church itself has, during these latter years, through much sorrow and suffering, grown to a great degree of maturity, and that, within its assembly, are men of great learning in the Scriptures and fervently devoted to the Lord, who are most capable for the spreading of the Lord's work in their own land. We believe profoundly and sincerely that instruments for China's evangelization must be drawn largely from the choicest of Chinese believers. We believe the method to be most Scriptural. We believe it to be the soundest of missionary policies. It will clothe the Gospel with Chinese life and so make it more appealing to the common people. It will tell the Gospel in the clearest language, since none speak this language as well as the Chinese. It will present the Gospel in the most acceptable

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thought, for the Chinese know best how to combat the false but deeply ingrained cults of Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism and Mohammedanism and to present to their own people the "Word of Life" which is able to save their souls. Easterners can best give back to the East that which came from there so long ago—the message of salvation through simple faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Today, there are over three hundred million souls in China who have never once heard the story of redeeming love. Their very condition is calling out, "Save us, save us. Please come over and help us." Thank God, you and I by substitution can make it possible for these native Chinese Christians, called and chosen of God and thoroughly equipped in a Bible school or seminary in China, to win many of China's lost millions into the Kingdom. It is possible that some may disagree with things written or said, but they cannot, with any trace of honesty, discredit the great things that have been accomplished during the past few years and months through the faithful witness of native workers. Even as I pen these words, I glance at reports from Chungking telling of literally thousands of souls who have passed from heathen darkness into the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel within the last few months alone, as our Chinese workers have preached Christ and Him crucified to their own people.

Often nights of entertainment are arranged in some of our prisons and penitentiaries for the benefit of the inmates, yet at the same time the grand music is broadcast to the whole nation outside. Thus, these prisoners play and sing the famous pieces of the master musicians, and for one hour these souls in prison burst through their granite walls, soar through the night and sing their songs in the homes of the villages, towns and cities of our land. Beloved, we have learned a song, and if we so desire we can sing that

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song to the very heart of China: the song of Jesus Christ and His redemption. We can sing it directly into the homes of people who have never once had the opportunity of hearing it before. We can sing it through the consecrated lives of our native Chinese representatives, men and women backed by our constant prayers and by our consecrated gifts, who, because of God's grace in our lives, are declaring to their countrymen Christ's redemption and the eternal love and power of our ever-living, ever-loving Lord.

Here is China: war-torn, bleeding, with its famines, pestilences, poverty, orphans, and widows; its millions upon millions living in the blackness and darkness of heathenism. May I ask you but one question, which, I believe is fundamental: "What is the will of God for China today? What is the will of God for you face to face with the unfinished task, and faced with China's own sons, 'born again' and waiting to represent you, if only you will make it possible for them to leave their families and work among the unevangelized?" To a Christian man or woman, this is the thing that matters above all others. The key to the Old Testament, to its heroism, to its devotion, to its martyrdom, to its hope deferred that made many hearts sick was simply this: *the will of God.* When you turn to the New Testament it is the key to the life of Jesus Christ our Lord. He says, "I delight to do thy will, O God." "My meat is to do the will of my Father." "He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother." And when we pray for the China of today with its millions ready to be harvested, and praying say, "Our Father, Thy will be done," remember, the will of God is not something negative, but something that is active and eager and aggressive. We know God's will for the lost all over the world, not only His eternal purpose of redemption, but you and I know God's will very clearly from His commands, and to do His will and yet not reach the un-

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evangelized, would necessitate the removal of the great commission four times repeated: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

> Oh, come let us go and find them,
> In the paths of sin they roam;
> At the close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say,
> "I have brought a lost one Home."

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Chapter 7

A WARTIME BIRTH

Leadership does not come from a nation that looks backwards, and China has no intention of returning to its old ways. This great nation is looking to the future with its hopes and fears. There is no question but that awakened China in her initial stages of development will require a vast quantity of modern equipment from this country. A slight knowledge of plans and personalities flown from Washington to China during past months and the close cooperation of both countries makes this an undisputed fact. Everything from steel mills, automobile and truck industries, and paint-spraying-equipment concerns will go to this great land. A highly-geared America with a prodigious inventory of used machinery and machine tools will welcome a large scale machinery market. It is reasonable to believe that machine-conscious China, as represented by her present leaders, would gladly purchase second-hand equipment in addition to vast quantities of new material. In short, America is destined to play a great role in the development of this rising Asiatic power. It is also reasonable to believe that loans and a vast fund of mechanical advice will be sent to China, but it is interesting to note how the Chinese Government's plan of training and thoroughly equipping her own people for post-war development of the homeland is well under way. American colleges and universities have more than a mere handful of Government-sponsored Chinese students preparing to return to share in her gigantic transformation, which no doubt, if the Lord tarries, will stretch over a number of years, since China is still a rural country, and the complications and difficulties ahead are many. However, the outside world is beginning to realize something of the

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genius, initiative and talent embodied in the average clear-thinking, educated Chinese. A comparison of her educational standards with that of Occidental countries might indeed prove very interesting. It is clearly understood that drastic changes have taken place in the Land of the Dragon, and China's native sons are prepared to shoulder new tasks. Yet the greatest need of this great land is surely her spiritual need: millions upon millions are living in complete ignorance of the truth of the Gospel, although it has been stated that some of the ablest present-day expounders of truth, powerful preachers and defenders of the faith, are to be found among members of the Body of Christ in China.

For many years a number of key leaders in the Chinese Church have earnestly prayed for the birth of a work that would specialize in the training of native leaders and pastors, evangelists and teachers; men and women filled with a passionate love for the preaching of Jesus Christ, who would be willing to go out among the millions of unreached and unevangelized, preaching unto them Christ and Him crucified, establishing indigenous churches, and, while building up faith in Christ under God by the anointing of the Spirit, bring to the heart of the believer a true sense of his responsibility, persuading him by God's grace to take a leading part in purely pioneer work.

While China bled furiously, war-torn and isolated, while, humanly speaking, existing conditions made such plans seem ridiculously impossible, while missionary agencies were obliged to withdraw workers, and plan for post-war work, the China Native Evangelistic Crusade was born of God in the American city of Seattle, Washington. God had repeatedly proved to me in an unmistakable and unforgettable manner that if given the opportunity, the native Christians, when they became conscious of the debt they owed, could easily win their fellows to God. Thus for a number of years while I was in China, I experienced the growing de-

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termination—strengthened again and again and climaxed by my experience that night in Chungking, when I heard the cries of the lost—that if spared, I would spend my remaining days enabling faithful native believers, called and chosen of God, to be equipped thoroughly and sent forth among the perishing millions who are unreached and can be reached only by their own people.

A group of Christian businessmen from different sections of America met in Dr. N. A. Jepson's office. Each man was conscious of the appalling need in China. He realized that in that country were three hundred million souls in the blackest darkness of heathenism; he realized also that persecution and trial had purified and strengthened the native Chinese Church and that the natives were not only the logical but the Scriptural people to reach their own with the Light of the Gospel. Each man realized, too, that conditions had prepared hearts to respond to the message if only they could hear. Light brings responsibility and these men, looking beyond the mountains of impossibility to a God whose heart bled for the lost in China, a God who laughed at impossibilities, looked and believed. The work was incorporated. A letter was dispatched to China addressed to Rev. Calvin Chao, one of China's leading evangelists and teachers, asking him to pray about accepting the responsible position of Superintendent of Activities in China. A cable was received which read, "Offer accepted. Please pray." A letter was immediately sent to Calvin telling of the God-given program for the evangelization of the unreached millions and while this letter was still on its way to China an air-mail letter was received in Seattle from China. This letter from Calvin Chao, the man whom God had laid upon the hearts of the Board in America, stated item for item a policy identical to the one already suggested by the American Board. This was a God-given stamp of approval.

Immediately funds were forwarded to China by our

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Treasurer, a prominent banker in this country, and within a matter of weeks native preaching bands were operating and the work began to grow rapidly. Already many perishing souls were rejoicing in their new-found Lord.

The directors in the homeland not only serve without compensation but by personally contributing their own funds cover such expenses as their travel, office expenses, including rent, office equipment, and office salaries, and printing costs, which include the cost of our monthly bulletin called the "Crusade" which is sent free of charge to anyone desiring month by month information regarding field activities, thus allowing all money received to go directly into the work of the Crusade. Moreover, in the light of the appalling need in China, and since no existing conditions prevent the natives from carrying on the work unhindered, it is the policy of this work not to build up a reserve fund, but to trust God for present and future needs. Therefore, at the end of each month all money received goes directly into the work.

It is also an established policy to encourage the "born-again" believers to build their own churches and wholly support their own pastors. Even as I pen these words, we can praise God for the existence of churches established as a result of the faithful ministry of our native bands, built with the funds of Chinese Christians, with the pastor wholly supported by his own people. Thus, God's money is used to support students who, after having been placed for a time on probation, have had the unanimous vote of the Seminary Board as men and women called of God and who have definite gifts as teachers and evangelists, and are wholly worthy to be supported by money entrusted to this work by God's servants in China and the homelands. These students, upon graduation from the seminary, go forth in bands to preach among the unevangelized.

We also support teachers in the Bible Seminary and other

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workers engaged in a teaching ministry, since we have men who follow up the preaching bands strengthening the new believers. Teaching is a vital part of this work, great emphasis being laid upon solid teaching from the Word. In addition we have workers evangelizing in universities, colleges and schools. Others are engaged in city-wide campaigns which are a separate work from our preaching bands laboring among the unevangelized tribespeople and Chinese.

This Board at home, comprised of Christian laymen, ably oversees the work in the homeland, and keeps in constant touch with the work in China. Yet Chungking is a long way from Seattle, and able oversight of every phase of this work in China is vital. Thank God for able leadership on the part of Calvin Chao and the magnificent group of exceptional workers God has gathered around him, but in a new and growing work, and a work markedly owned of God, surely the great responsibilities involved in every step taken should be shared by the men of God best suited for the job. Thus the founder of this work, God Himself, has not only prepared the hearts of faithful men in the homeland, and the hearts of Chinese Church leaders, but in addition He is doing a new thing, probably something unknown before in the history of missions. In this peculiar day in the history of a changing China—a native-conscious China—God burdened the hearts of key "born-again" men in the government of that great land, and they formed a "China Advisory Board" taking upon themselves the responsible tasks of (1) advising in operating policies of the work; (2) investigating the efficiency of the work being done; (3) examining all financial reports; and (4) endeavoring to interest Chinese believers in supporting and training their own pastors, teachers and evangelists.

Members of the China Advisory Board are:

Mr. Earnest Yin, General Director of the Cotton Yarn and Cloth Administration and a director in the Bank of China.

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Mr. Yin is a graduate of Harvard University and the founder of the Holy Light School, a Christian secular school for the education of children of government officials, the primary aim of which is the winning of these children to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. This great school is purely a venture of faith supported by gifts from God's people who wish to share in winning young people into the Kingdom—a great work highly recommended by outstanding men of God. It is in no way connected with the Crusade, but this great project is a testimony to the Christian character and zeal of this man of God who is one of our directors. Mrs. Yin is the daughter of the late Ting Li-mei, who was one of China's ablest evangelists.

General Chang Chih-Chung is a graduate of the Paoting Military Academy; defender of the Shanghai area in co-operation with the 19th Route Army in 1932; former dean of the Central Military Academy 1932-37; at the outbreak of war was appointed by the Generalissimo as Garrison Commander of the Ninking, Shanghai area, and was in command of the historical defence of Shanghai which amazed the world in 1937; was Governor of Hunan Province 1937-39; Aide-de-camp to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek 1940; Secretary-General of the San-Min Chu-I Youth Corps (Three Principles of the People) since 1940; and Minister of the Political Training Board of the National Military Council; one of China's top-ranking generals, and a man of God.

Mr. King-Chu, outstanding Chinese scholar, has held amazingly responsible positions. His excellent work as a provincial educational commissioner recommended him to the Generalissimo, and for some time he was Vice-Counsellor of the National Central University with the Generalissimo himself as Counsellor. Recently he was promoted to Minister of Education.

Mr. Chang Ching-yu, who until ten years ago was a provincial Commissioner of Construction and now holds a high

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position in the Central Government as Director General of the Internal Revenue Administration, and is a graduate of Harvard University, serves as Secretary of the China Board.

Thus the China Board, composed of wise, able, and deeply spiritual laymen of China, who have deep understanding of their own people and intimate knowledge of the trends in their own country, which is clearly evidenced by their responsible positions in the government, contribute their share to the task of winning souls into the Kingdom by means of a thoroughly trained, deeply spiritual, doctrinally sound native ministry.

Let me emphasize: This work was born of God in the light of the need in China today. We are not in opposition to any existing work of God in that land but are seeking to share in a task hitherto unmet for so many millions have never yet heard the Name. We praise God for the many missionary organizations already in China, who have accomplished so much, who are doing a great work, and under God will continue to contribute greatly in expanding His Kingdom in China. We are not concerned about who does the work, but very concerned about getting it done. Thus the policy of the C.N.E.C. is to co-operate heartily with any fundamental work and seek to encourage and help it along in any way possible. We will train students from any other missionary organization in our seminary or Bible schools free of charge and return them to their home work when they are graduated. Moreover, when our preaching bands or workers labor in any district or city where a sound work is already established they will seek to strengthen it and will encourage the newly "born-again" believers to associate themselves with the church already in existence. However, the unevangelized regions represent our main field for evangelism.

At the present time the C.N.E.C. and the North China Theological Seminary are co-operating with the Spiritual

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Training Seminary in Chungking under the able leadership of Dr. Chia Yu Ming, its founder and president. Post-war plans place our new seminary in Nanking, since we feel its central location and easy approach from all over China and its unquestionably important future make it the logical place for our headquarters.

So it is that today, in full co-operation with two other groups, we are training students in the Spiritual Training Seminary, which is filled to overflowing with students from China's provinces, representing many denominations.

Dr. Chia Yu Ming, the president, has been referred to as the best-known Bible teacher in his homeland. He has had over thirty years of experience. He looks upon the C.N.E.C. as an answer to his years of praying, and the Doctor plans, if God spares him, to act as president of our seminary to be established in Nanking when conditions permit. This man of God is looked upon as an authority on doctrine by the entire Chinese Church. His writings, especially text books, are widely circulated and greatly in demand all over China. He is over sixty years of age, and has a vast wealth of experience and deep spiritual insight, surely a fit man for leadership in Bible seminary work. At present there are fifteen qualified professors teaching in the seminary; three are Occidentals and the remainder are Chinese. Since our work takes us back into Tibet, we have a daily class where Tibetan is taught.

More than one third of our student body are college graduates; the scholastic requirements are high for the seminary although the spiritual is always kept supreme. During the war the students went to bed at eight o'clock each evening and arose at four in the morning, in order to conserve lighting facilities. Chungking and the surrounding large villages and towns provide a wonderful field for practical work. In Chungking city alone, assignments each Lord's Day take students to at least fifteen different places for Gospel serv-

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ices—including churches, Sunday schools, hospitals, camps and prisons.

Calvin Chao, our Superintendent of Activities, is a nationally-famed teacher and evangelist. For many years he has been engaged in aggressive evangelistic work, and is everywhere respected for his marked gift of expounding Holy Writ. After finishing in the University, he spent some time teaching in high schools—excellent preparation for his future ministry In response to God's call, he launched out into full time service, and has traveled throughout the length and breadth of his native land making known the way of salvation. His deep spirituality is spoken of by all who know him, and in his personal testimony he attributes much in his Christian life to Mother Graham, a saint of God, whose prayers, sympathy and counsel played a great part in the molding of his life. His ministry among students and officials has been greatly owned of God, and today some of his children in the faith are holding responsible positions in China's government. Behind him are years of experience as a leader in Christian work, and his ability and suitability as such have been proven many times.

Some few years before the birth of the C.N.E.C. this man of God was invited to conduct special meetings in Macao. While there he visited in that historical place where the beautiful hymn was written, "In the Cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time." In this spot stood the ruin of a church with its front wall alone left standing and on the top of it, outlined against the sky, he saw a cross. Calvin's heart was melted as he stood there gazing upon the cross and repeating the words of the hymn. He felt afresh the power of the Cross and marveled at so great a love from the heart of our Saviour that He willingly hung on His Cross in suffering and shame in order to redeem fallen mankind. From there he visited the tomb of Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China. Very vivid-

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ly the life of this man of God, who sacrificed everything for the millions of souls in China, flashed before him. He recalled those early days of peril for Morrison; this man who feared neither death nor suffering; this man who had reason to be discouraged since he labored so faithfully and saw such meager results; this chosen vessel who during his first thirteen years in China wrote two hundred letters to people in the homeland, and received but one reply. Yet, in spite of hardships, disappointments, discouragements, and lack of Christian companionship this man rejoiced in the knowledge that he was in the will of God. As Calvin Chao stood by this graveside, he saw the perishing millions as Robert Morrison had seen them. He was rejoicing in salvation because Morrison and those who followed him had preached Christ and Him Crucified to his people. And now, he and thousands upon thousands of his own race were not only in a position to preach to their fellows, but were responsible as true witnesses. As he stood, God's Spirit stirred his soul in a way never to be forgotten. Suddenly he began to sing the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross, on which the Prince of Glory died." When he came to the words, "See from His head, His hands, His feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down," he could sing no longer. His broken and contrite heart was at the feet of the Saviour. He fell weeping on Morrison's grave, and that day consecrated His life to God to serve Him in the interior, to reach those who had never heard the Name. He prayed Morrison's God that he might in the same degree as China's first Protestant missionary have conformity to all his Lord's will and obedience to all His commands. Thus from that day, in the words of a prominent missionary to China, "Calvin Chao rose to be one of China's eminent sons and did many things meet to be recorded in the literature of the Church."

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Let me further quote a few testimonies received from some of our present-day native evangelists. Stanley Yu writes, "God has been wonderfully good to our family. When I think of the hundreds of millions who have never once heard the Gospel in our land, how my heart bleeds for them. My grandparents lived in a small village called Suilin in Shantung Province. In a remarkable way God saved them from heathenism. My father, early in life, accepted the Lord Jesus as Saviour, and after being graduated from the Shantung Christian University, he was appointed principal of the Quaker Mission School at Luho in Kiangsu Province. My three brothers and four sisters were born at Luho. I had just completed two years in high school at Nanking when the war broke out. The enemy bombers came and great sections of the city were blown to pieces. Many thousands of people were killed. God in marvelous ways spared my life again and again. Our whole family returned to our native home in Shantung, and one night God spoke to Mother's heart while she prayed and read the Word, and she was so sure of God's direct leading that we obeyed and left for Hankow. Soon our home province was occupied by the Japanese. While in Hankow, Dad worked in a refugee camp preaching the Gospel to fellow Chinese and leading many to the Lord. After six months we left for Kweilin. Soon after our departure the enemy occupied Hankow.

"It was Christmas Eve 1938. Along with a friend I walked toward the Kweilin Station. Suddenly the dismal sound of an air-raid siren warned of the approach of enemy planes. Very soon the dreaded planes were overhead and bombs were falling. Both of us managed to reach a rocky hillside, and even where we sat, bombs fell around us, but we escaped unscratched. Immediately after the planes left we returned to the city to discover that my father, while sheltering in a dugout, was killed by a direct hit.

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"While just a lad I had accepted the Lord Jesus as my Saviour and later had felt His call to full time service. With the passing years the desire increased, and now at my father's death, I felt the time had come for me to take up the work which he had begun. My brother, Moses, also in obedience to God's command, entered Bible school with me. We availed ourselves of this means of preparation and for a time worked for the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Then later God led us to Hunan where we labored at length. Last year, both Moses and I felt led of God to leave this Province and head towards the great Northwest where the need was so great and where pioneering work had to be done. As we look back we see God's definite leading step by step, enabling us to escape from Hunan and the trial of becoming refugees. Moreover in His goodness He brought us into contact with the C.N.E.C. Now we see how past experiences in His work were all preparation for this great task entrusted to us—the work we love—that of being members of preaching bands and sharing in the glorious spreading of the Gospel in places where Christ has never been named. I pray that our service may be faithful and that He will be pleased to use us mightily to His glory. Already our preaching bands have evangelized in needy places hitherto unreached, and what a joy we have had in leading many hundreds of precious souls from darkness into the Light of the Gospel. Already native churches have been established, but the need is so great. We have only begun. Millions in this Province alone are ignorantly worshipping their idols because no one has told them of Calvary."

Mr. John Lu, a graduate of our Bible Seminary and one of our workers, writes, "I marvel at the wonderful love and grace of God in saving such a sinner as I. I was a pagan, but He lifted me out of my sin and unbelief and planted my feet upon the solid rock. My birthplace, Banki Island, near Sumatra is one of the most beautiful places on earth.

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The swaying palm trees, the blue water, the white sands, the azure sky, all declare the handiwork of God, but like many of my people I was ignorant of Him, the Creator and Saviour. I had never once heard His Name.

"At the early age of twelve I left these surroundings to enter a school in Shanghai, attended mostly by overseas Chinese. One of the teachers on the staff was a missionary and he held meetings in a small chapel nearby. At the time of the Communist uprising this missionary and other Christian teachers were forced to leave the school. During my stay there no one had told me the Gospel, since they only preached in the nearby chapel. Gradually, with the passing of time, I followed those who had no belief in God. With them I despised Christians and all missionaries, and decided that I would have absolutely nothing to do with Christianity. Once I passed a church in Shanghai and heard a lot of Christians praying in unison. I thought, *How ridiculously foolish are these poor people!* How could God have so many ears to hear so many prayers at once? Thus I passed my godless student days.

"God used a special means to bring about my conversion. I had moved to Tsingtao and had become acquainted with a Christian. Never once did he preach to me, but by his consistent life there was no denying that he was a true follower of the Lord Jesus. A very close friend of mine was sick in the hospital, and the doctors stated that there was absolutely no hope of my friend's recovering. I thought of my Christian friend, and knew that he sincerely believed that the God in whom he trusted could answer prayer. Telephoning him I asked him to come to the hospital at once. Soon he arrived with a few of his Christian friends. Together they knelt by the bedside. I did not understand the meaning of kneeling, but did what they did. I had never prayed before in my life and did not know what to say, but one after the other these Christians simply prayed to God whom they

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knew very intimately. The language was strange, yet stranger still; my sick friend, completely given up by the physicians, immediately declared that he was well, and when the doctors came to his bedside they were amazed. Each doctor agreed that a miracle had been performed. The patient was discharged from the hospital, and that day I saw that God was real—that He answered prayer. That day, I heard the Gospel story and acknowledging my sins, I accepted Jesus as my personal Saviour. The world was changed for me. It was springtime in my heart. I had a joy and a peace that I had never known before. My friends remarked that my face was radiant.

"There followed a time of much testing. I was cheated out of a lot of money by a very close friend. In spite of this and other testings I grew stronger and came to know my Saviour better. Gradually many sinful habits were taken from me and my joy in God increased. During meetings in Shanghai conducted by Mr. Timothy Tzao who had just returned from Java the Lord laid upon my heart the need of the thousands of Chinese there. Among them were my own parents, relatives and friends who were still unsaved. That evening I made a full surrender to the Lord, and promised Him that if He so led I would enter full time service. The war broke out preventing my return to Java, but, God in miraculous ways removed barriers and made it possible for me to reach interior China, and there enter Bible Seminary. Not only this, but God gave me my wonderful wife, one of the C.N.E.C. workers. How we praise God for the opportunity given to serve together in this work—this great work of spreading the Gospel among our own people who are without Christ and without hope."

Many testimonies of our workers lie before me, but let me mention just two more. One man is Dr. Yen Pao-tien, a qualified medical man, son of one of the famous families of China, who felt the call of God to enter into full time

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service. His brother is family physician to Dr. H. H. Kung, who is a leading government official and brother-in-law to Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Well, our Doctor Yen, while honorary treasurer, was brought face to face with the appalling need, and witnessing the response of his people to the Gospel, gave up his profession and became one of our band workers. His ministry has been mightily blessed of God as he has preached in city-wide campaigns, in universities, colleges and in distant villages.

Another of our able workers, Mr. Robert Chung, writes, "When the Gospel was first preached in Chekiang Province many long years ago my grandfather became a believer and a staunch pillar in the local church. All during his lifetime God's rich blessing was upon our family and we enjoyed the sunshine of His love. Joy and peace permeated our home. But after my grandfather's death everything changed. My father was not only an unbeliever, but he definitely opposed Christianity. When Grandmother died he had a tablet made and forced ancestral worship upon the family once again. Now sin and gloom took the place of gladness and joy.

"I was born amid this misery and return to heathenism. When I was seventeen years old I was stricken with a dangerous illness and all hope for my recovery was given up. Then one of my uncles, who was a Christian, came and while visiting me he said, 'If only you are willing to acknowledge that you are a sinner and accept God's forgiveness and His gift of Eternal Life, perhaps His blessing will return to this home.'

"He pleaded with me and engaged in prayer, asking me to accept the Saviour. God's Spirit began working in my heart, and as I lay there I saw my great Saviour and acknowledged my need of Him. As the tears rolled down my cheeks I found forgiveness and salvation in the finished work of Christ Jesus.

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"Instantaneously I was healed of my physical sickness as well as my spiritual illness, and without a moment's delay I arose up from my bed.

"Rejoicing in my new-found Lord, I went into the country districts testifying to God's saving and keeping power. God did bless our family once more and my mother and brother also believed. At baptism I surrendered my life for any service to which God might call me. Soon God opened the way for me to have my training in a Bible school. At first my mother and family opposed my going, but prayer, patience and obedience resulted in every barrier's being removed.

"After completing my three years' training I was sent to Kweichow, where I joined the C.N.E.C. Now I feel that a greater commission has been given me in the work of preaching the Gospel in untouched fields and the building up of His Church. May God enable me to work while it is yet day—for 'the night cometh, when no man can work.' My desire is to fully satisfy the heart of my dear Lord."

Come along with one of our bands to a distant village where the Gospel is about to be proclaimed. Because of the great influx of peoples from occupied China, the large villages in Kweichow and Szechwan Provinces are many times larger than good sized towns here in our homeland. Before reaching the village plans are carefully made, and since every day's work is first presented to God in prayer, individual band workers are looking forward to a harvest of precious souls. Instruments sound the praises of the Lord with their melodies and the workers sing a simple Gospel hymn. One member of the band has gone to a nearby home intent upon borrowing a Chinese bench. Before long a bewildered crowd gathers to witness this strange scene. Before the hymn closes a band worker is standing on the borrowed bench, ready to deliver a message testifying to the Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ on Calvary. When the speaker has

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gained the rapt attention of his audience, which is now a large one, the other members of the band slip silently away to another spot and there repeat the procedure. When a new crowd gathers, another man is standing on his borrowed bench and is powerfully presenting His message. The others have left him and at a chosen spot the third man is left preaching to a large group while number four and number five start a fourth and the last man begins a fifth meeting. Thus five services are being carried on at the same time in our village. After the message, interested people are immediately contacted, and intensive personal work is begun by the men who are trained for the job. Names of those who make a profession are carefully recorded and that village is visited again and again and again, until a group of born-again believers has assembled. Later, a band worker qualified as a teacher works in that village with the believers building them up in the Faith. They are encouraged to meet in a home or in a local schoolbuilding, and by emphasizing a teaching ministry, strengthened by a well-balanced evangelistic endeavor, solid foundations are laid, and a thoroughly planned follow-up work insures a steady growth.

The blessing of complete self-support is encouraged from the beginning. For example, the local people provide the food for the band worker, and soon they want to build their own chapel and eventually call their own pastor. In the meantime, local believers are developed by the aid of a qualified worker who is responsible for the care of many newly born groups of believers in that vast district.

One of our band leaders writes, "Five of us left Hua-Chi city located in Tribesland, and shortly after daybreak headed towards a distant village where the story of redeeming love has never once been proclaimed. We dressed like the poor country people; straw hats with brims one foot wide which serve as roofs, protecting not only head but shoulders

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and back, straw shoes and no socks, baggy pants tied at our ankles and Chinese shirts. As we traveled along we passed through villages where our bands had labored previously and what a joy and inspiration to be greeted by fellow countrymen who, only a matter of months before, were idol worshippers, but now, saved by the Grace of God, faces a-glow, they encouraged us on our way, and offered to postpone their work and accompany us to tell their distant neighbors living in darkness the old story of redemption.

"Along the flagstone paths that wind through rice paddies we passed many children riding on water buffaloes and again and again their musical voices would sing out 'Jesus is coming again, Jesus is coming again.' Of course they did not know the doctrine of the second coming, but to them, we who preach the Gospel are Jesus. Then as they approached, rocking backwards and forwards with the awkward gait of the animals, they would sing, "Lai hsin Yeh-Su" (Come and believe in Jesus), a chorus our band workers had taught to thousands of these villagers during the past few months. Adults would gladly stop their work in the rice fields as we approached and according to plan a worker would linger with group after group to tell them of a Saviour from sin.

"Before we had reached our destination the rain came down in torrents. Carefully picking our way over the slippery stones we approached the large heathen village. After finding a suitable site, ignoring the rain, we prepared to accomplish the purpose of our journey. Brothers Ma and Chen played their instruments and, in a short time, a large crowd had gathered. Some sheltered under the eaves of nearby homes; several brought bamboo umbrellas, but the vast majority were satisfied to stand deep in mud, their thin clothes soaking wet, straw hats their protection. After we had preached nearly two hours, the eager audience, far from losing interest, showed no desire to be dismissed. These

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hungry, needy souls wanted to hear more of this story which was new to their ears. As these people have never heard the Gospel, our band workers introduce it from an angle which they can understand. These people believe that there is 'someone' up in the heavens. They do not call him God but 'Tien Lao-Yieh' which literally means 'The old gentleman in the heavens.' The speaker declares 'This old gentleman in the heavens is the True God.' He sends the rain and the sunshine; it is He who makes the crops grow. The gods whom you worship are false gods.'

"Understanding these heathen people's conception of sin, they make it clear that each one of the listeners has sinned against heaven. Illustrating their next point the speaker might say, 'One bandit can never plead the cause of another bandit. Here we have a bandit caught by the law and as he stands before the magistrate a fellow bandit comes along and pleads his cause! What will the judge do? Why, he will demand that number two bandit also be held and judged! He, too, has violated the law. He, too, is guilty of punishment. So T'ien Lao Yieh, the old gentleman in the heavens, is the True God. He looks down upon the peoples of this earth and sees them as a crowd of bandits, not one being able to plead for his brother, for "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Because of this God was obliged to send His only Begotten Son: God, yet man; Divinity clothed with humanity. From this point, Jesus Christ is introduced for the first time. Then as the story of the Saviour is unfolded and these benighted people hear of a God who loved them so that He went all the way to Calvary, bearing their sins in His own body on the tree, as they hear the story of the sinless sin-bearer, their hearts are deeply stirred. Generation after generation has been living in the grip of fear and superstition and now to see that One hanging on a Roman gibbet in order that they might receive forgiveness and Eternal Life breaks their hearts. As God's

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dear Son is presented in the glory of His Person, the tenderness of His love, the value of His blood, and the power of His resurrection, tears can be seen flowing down one face after another.

"The leader, now soaking wet, then asked these dear people to raise their hands if they wanted to hear more about Jesus. Every hand was raised. We just could not stop. One band worker after the other poured out his soul, while God's Spirit, whose work it is to convict and convince of sin, brought deep conviction to one heathen heart after another. These glorious words rang forth:

" 'This man receiveth sinners.' "

" 'No man cometh unto the Father, but by me.' "

" 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' "

" 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' "

" 'By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.' "

" 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' "

" 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' "

"Attention never wavered as they stood, their gaze fixed on the speaker, sweat and rain running down each man as he poured out his very soul. All barriers broken down, we dealt personally with old and young, and souls professed faith in Jesus Christ.

"Only approaching darkness could force us to leave this tribal village. The tribespeople hastened to give us precious hot water, and opening our food box, we ate our meal of steamed northern bread. The crowd gathered round, and bowing our heads we thanked God for this day in His service; a day when precious souls passed from heathen darkness into the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel.

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"The afternoon was waning now and a stiff wind was blowing, carrying fine rain and sleet. Bidding these villagers farewell, we started back to another village where a group of recently won believers were awaiting us, but before leaving, we assured those newly reached souls that we would be back the following day. Thus a beginning had been made, barriers had been removed and a few more out of the unreached millions had heard the Gospel story. With intensive follow up work, we shall soon see that many of these villagers had a definite born-again experience. This is only the birth of our task in this village, but we thank God for a good beginning."

It is no wonder that our native leaders, in agony of soul, long for the day when hundreds of such bands might be sent out to reach the perishing millions in needy China. Between three and six hundred young men and women sent throughout all America, England, Australia or Canada would be a mighty blessing. Think of our Chinese workers today, scattered abroad, surrounded by the filth and blackness of heathenism, but preaching a message that is more often accepted than rejected. Again I repeat, because of its suffering, China is ready for the Gospel—but, alas, our preaching bands are so few. Will you join our leaders in praying that before long hundreds of workers may be out in the harvest fields?

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Chapter 8

CHINA'S PLEA

Consider the volume of believing prayer which daily for many years has ascended to the Throne of Grace on behalf of China's perishing millions! Consider the prayers from the hearts of God's called missionaries, who when obliged to leave the place of God's appointment for a time, in agony of soul for those they love, pray like Nehemiah and Elijah of old; the prayers of suffering ones in concentration camps, deprived of much, enduring so much, yet availing themselves of this open access into the presence of Almighty God through the rent veil: the prayers from the hearts of Chinese believers uprooted from home and separated from loved ones by the cruel ravages of war—people who have witnessed death and destruction, who have experienced miraculous deliverances and have heard the cry from the throats of their beloved countrymen passing into a lost eternity; prayers from the hearts of leaders bearing grave responsibilities, yet like God's men of all ages, presenting their people's need and their nation's future before the heavenly household.

Has this vast accumulation of prayer been in vain? Do the hundreds of promises contained in God's Holy Word count for nought? Let God be true and every man a liar. Prayer has been heard. Surely it is safe to say that, because of prayer, no single country in the world today is more open to the Gospel than China. Today its believers are alert to the need, and conscious of their personal responsibility as soul winners. Its leaders are wholly in sympathy with the progress of the Gospel, and today its native sons along with foreign missionaries are in no way re-

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stricted but encouraged and aided in their task of reaching the fields white indeed unto harvest.

What is it that touches the soul of a nation? The sufferings of human beings. Why was it that England was smitten to its heart by that event, that historic event, many years ago in Khartoum? It was not the defeat, the loss of prestige or power, but the fate of one lonely man, Gordon, dying there in Khartoum. The death of that one man moved the heart of the nation and shook the strongest government of those days to its foundations. It is the same today. Think of Pearl Harbor! Think of Dunkirk! Think of Bataan! Think of Bleeding China!

Our hearts ache over the wrongs and sufferings of humanity as much as all others, but as Christians we grieve most not over physical conditions and sufferings, but, in the light of eternity, over the moral and spiritual degradation of men. It is their moral depravity that we feel; it is their enslavement to sin that we feel; it is the height from which they have fallen; the depths into which they have sunk. We are grieved by the neglect of truth in the hearts of millions of our fellow countrymen, and by the appalling fact that so many of earth's millions are still left in complete ignorance of the Gospel story. As believers we cannot but see God's interest in every man, for Calvary reveals and measures that love. God's interest in man becomes ours, when we are truly yielded to Him. The redemption of Calvary has set a new value on every human being we meet. We can see the blood-red seal of redemption on the most debased. They are precious to Jesus. He died for them as He did for you and me—and so in our hearts there ought to be a passion for their redemption—the passion of the soul that is living for the soul that is dead in trespasses and sins.

As I headed towards my first battlefront, I was brought

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face to face with a dying soldier. Blocking my way he staggered feebly from side to side like a drunken man in a gale of wind. Alighting from my bicycle, I discovered the whole lower part of his face had been blown away. As I looked upon the suffering lad, I realized he was a soul for whom Christ died. In that moment I knew I could tell him the story that would mean Eternal Life. As I continued to gaze upon his mangled face, a government truck approached and the boy with great difficulty tried to turn and face the oncoming vehicle. I mounted my bicycle to get out of the path of the truck, and once mounted continued on my way. You will never know how I suffered that night as I lay exposed to the cruel elements by the roadside in southern Anhwei. I wept out my heart before God. I realized I had utterly failed a soul for whom Christ died. That night like the Apostle Paul I grasped the naked truth that I owe a debt to the perishing souls with whom I come in contact, and there in the bitter cold, by a Chinese roadside, I promised God, with His help, to pay my debt to blinded mankind, and the Spirit of God kindled a fire on the altar of my yielded heart.

The Yangtze River although contributing so generously to China's welfare has been spoken of as one of the world's worst rivers to navigate. This is especially true of its upper reaches, including the stretch alongside the city where the C.N.E.C. headquarters are located. Here the treacherous water with its deep whorls and vicious suctions has the unpleasant record of giving up but very few of the living creatures falling afoul its hungry currents. As the water rises during the flood season the fury of the Yangtze increases, and countless sampans, junks and even a number of sturdy ferries have contributed their share of doomed humanity to this writhing monster.

During memorable days when Chungking was being mercilessly bombed by the enemy thousands upon thousands

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of terror-stricken people in their attempt to escape death from the skies, chose the lesser of two evils and defied their ancient enemy at a time when common sense and common knowledge counseled otherwise. These dear Chinese risked a crossing over its boiling, boisterous surface at a time when her powerful body was swollen, and like a living thing in pain she heaved and inhaled. I have witnessed overloaded boats, caught in the death clutches of the Yangtze, carried with their terrified occupants at an amazing speed towards the mouth of a treacherous whirlpool, and gazing away from the helpless boatmen, have looked upon these men, women and children in their last living moments before passing into eternity. What could have rescued these souls from a terrible death? Something more powerful than the destroying power of the Yangtze. Alas, China's millions upon millions today in complete ignorance of the Gospel are being carried speedily towards the whirlpool of destruction, and what alone can rescue these souls? What other than the message of salvation—free for all? But our failure or holy determination to pay the debt we owe will determine the destiny of many out of these millions.

Consider this one clinging desperately to a piece of wreckage; the strong forces are trying to tug him under as surface currents carry him speedily towards destruction. A weak attempt is made to rescue this perishing soul, but lack of spirit and resulting slowness on the part of the rescuer cause the doomed man to cry in despair, "Faster, faster! Quicker, quicker!"—and then, even as he pleads in vain, his body disappears beneath the surface. For many generations millions upon millions of Chinese have passed into a lost eternity and today more than three hundred million still in heathen darkness are crying for our help. While China pleads, "Quicker, quicker! Faster, faster!" will you determine to share in this urgent task and "rescue the perishing"? May God grant that many tiny sparks in hearts of

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His own regenerate people may be kindled into mighty flames!

Oh, for a passionate passion for souls!
Oh, for a pity that yearns!
Oh, for a love that loves unto death!
Oh, for a fire that burns!

Oh, for a passionate passion for souls,
That pours out itself for the lost!
Oh, for the love that Jesus had!
Oh, for a Pentecost!

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